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SECOND LETTER TO A RADICAL MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

My Dear Sir: Controversy in the spirit of your Letters is but pleasant correspondence. I trust that you will not find me wanting in the same virtue. Kindness and candor are divine illuminings in the search for truth. Let me say at the outset also, I am glad that in the transactions now to be reviewed, you had no direct participation.

When I said in my last, the people have been deceived too long, more was implied than you seem to have supposed. The truth is, the people proper, have very little to do at any time in making their government; and in the presidential nominations, nearly nothing. Practically and almost literally, in this particular they are a grand "Know Nothing party." Surely no one will deny this as between them and Gen. Grant. Catechised on all hands for his opinions on national affairs, his only responses are peevish puffs of smoke from unquenchable cigars. Who knows whether, as to these momentous problems, there be anything more substantial in him?

Gen. Harrison was nominated in 1839 for better, for worse, without a Platform. Four years after ward, the platforms of both parties on the main question (the annexation of Texas to the Union) were so alike that the diffierence was never discovered or discoverable. Nor until his nomination, had one of the candidates (Mr. Polk) been discovered, by a vast majority of those who supported him.

The old Whig party cursed the Mexican war in the name of all its gods, and then nominated Gen. Taylor, its hero, for his *availability*. He diligently wrote letters and made speeches (or a speech) to multitudes, of all parties and classes, the spinal column of nearly every one of which was in these exact words, "I am a Whig, but not an ultra Whig."

Abraham Lincoln was nominated on a Platform which embodied on one hand the Declaration of Independence, and on the other an anathema virtually branding the immortal John Brown as "*guilty of the gravest of crimes.*" And amid the kindling flames of the rebellion, a Republican Senator declared in Congress, "the Republican party do condemn the act of John Brown; but do not condemn the act of Virginia," namely, in hanging him! And Senator Sumner, in a speech of tempestuous eloquence, branded and proved slavery a "Five Fold Barbarism," but closed with whole pages of fervid appeal for votes for Mr. Lincoln, though a part of his record was:

1. That he was opposed to any interference with that "*Five Fold Barbarism*" in the States; or 2, in the District of Columbia without consent *of* and compensation *to* the masters; 3, he was not opposed to admitting more slave States; 4, he was in favor of a Fugitive Slave law; 5, he was opposed to negro suffrage; and 6, to any elevation whatever of the colored race to equality with the white.

And all this was pleaded in his favor when the canvass seemed to require it. This was the Southern face.

Once a man was President of the American Tract Society and Whig candidate for Vice-President of the United States at the same time. Electioneering for himself, he had both North and South to conciliate. But he did it well. The Comic papers of the time appropriately showed him a tall, portly gentleman, facing the North, with both hands extended, full of Testaments, Tracts and Primers, to be exchanged of course for votes. Behind, he showed his huge pockets stuffed with revolvers, whips, shackles, and the whole paraphernalia of slavery, as Southern argument. Mr. Lincoln's position as a candidate was not materially different.

But the hugest fraud ever practised on a people was in the nomination of Andrew Johnson, as has been at last learned too well. That nomination will long be remembered, though the character of the candidate was known to but few. True, he was not openly in the rebellion, though all the more dangerous for that. When hostilities commenced, he was a Senator from Tennessee. Associated with him were such men as Collamer of Vermont, Hamlin of Maine, Hale of New Hampshire, Sumner and Wilson of Massachusetts, Seward of New York, and Wade of Ohio. That all his sympathies were with the South in the objects sought by the rebellion, he never concealed. The infamous Crittenden Propositions he supported heartily to the very last, though every Republican voted against them excepting Senator Seward, and he refused to answer when his name was called. Mr. Sumner analyzed those measures in the Senate and showed that they would:

1. Put slavery into the Constition by name, though even Mr. Madison always denied that man ever could hold property in man. 2. Would give Constitutional protection to slavery in all territory owned, or to be acquired, south of latitude thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes. 3. Would guarantee protection to slavery in the District of Columbia, and in every place under Federal jurisdiction. 4. Would disfranchise the people of color even in Massachusetts.

A part of Mr. Johnson's own history may be read in the Congressional proceedings of that period.

On the 13th of December, 1860, he proposed the following as a constitutional amendment, in the Senate of the United States:

Resolved, That the select committee of thirteen be instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing by *Constitutional provision*, 1. A line running through the territory of the United States, not included within the States, making an equitable and just division of said territory; south of which line, slavery shall be recognized and protected as property by ample and full guarantees; and north of which line, it shall be prohibited. 2. The repeal of all acts of Congress in regard to the restoration of fugitives from labor, and *an explicit declaration in the Constitution* that it is the duty of each State for itself to return fugitive slaves when demanded by the proper authority, *or pay double their cash value out of the Treasury of the State.* 3. An amendment that slavery shall exist in Navy Yards, Arsenals, etc., or not, as it may be admitted or prohibited by the States in which such arsenals, navy yards, etc., may be situated. 4. Congress shall never interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia, so long as it shall exist in the State of Maryland, nor even then without the consent of the inhabitants and compensation of the owners. 5. Congress shall not touch the representation of the three-fifths of the slaves, nor the inter-State slave trade, coastwise or inland. 6. These provisions to be *un*-amendable, like that which relates to the equality of the States in the Senate of the United States.

Another amendment of the Constitution proposed by Mr. Johnson, was that the next President, in 1864, should be selected from the Southern States and the Vice-President from the North; alternately reversing the order afterwards as the elections occurred. If his proposition and Mr. Crittenden's (or possibly either one, though he supported both) were accepted and incorporated into the Federal Constitution, he and Tennessee were for the Union, but not otherwise. In his memorable speech in the Senate on the eighteenth and nineteenth of December of that year, which an enthusiastic Republican pronounced "Jacksonian in tone, Websterian in argument," he declared he "did not differ much from his Southern friends, *only as to the mode of redress.*" "Shall I be so cowardly?" he asked, "as to desert a noble band at the North who stand by the South on principle! Instead of acting with that division of my Southern friends who take the ground of secession, I shall take other grounds, *while I try to accomplish the same end.* I believe the continuance of slavery depends upon the preservation of this Union, and a *compliance with all the guarantees of the Constitution.*" Of course he meant the constitution as he and Mr. Crittenden would have it, for they both distinctly avowed there was no security without amendments.

Then as now, Mr. Johnson denied that any State ever did or ever could go out of the Union. He declared that Vermont, by the passage of a Personal Liberty law, was as much out of the Union as South Carolina by act of secession. "If the government fail," he said, "or refuse to execute the laws of the United States on the one hand, and those States by their enactments violate them on the other, the government (not the Union merely) is at an end." Hence the consistency as well as the strength of his present position. No State, he claims, has ever been out of the Union; and if he be indeed "executing the laws of the United States on the one hand, and no State, by its enactments is violating them," on the other, the Union and government are in full vigor or force. But this is not part of my present argument.

Of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson said in his speech: "He is a minority President by nearly a million votes. I want to retain and maintain my place here and put him down: and drive back his advances upon Southern institutions, if he designs to make them. Have we not the brakes in our own hands? Have we not the power? Let South Carolina send her Senators back; let all the Senators come; and at his inauguration we shall have a majority against him. This sectional candidate, in a minority of nearly a million, cannot even make his cabinet, nor his postmasters, nor draw his own salary, unless the Senate permit him."

And finally, to the surprise of even Jefferson Davis, who had not then left the Senate, he exclaimed, "*when the North refuses under the Constitution to give us what we consider* the needful guarantees for the protection of our institutions and other interests, "I will go as far as he who goes farthest!"

Such are a few excerpts from the Senatorial record of him whom the Republican party elected Vice-President, but who by a leaden bullet in murderous hands, was made President. For him Hannibal Hamlin was sacrificed. Such was the dread of Mr. Seward in the Department of State, that even Mr. Lincoln's renomination was sternly opposed by many of the ablest and best men in the party. But none outside the secret councils ever dreamed that Mr. Hamlin would be rejected if Mr. Lincoln was not. That he should be crucified and a "poor white," slaveholding, slave-breeding Barabbas of the Southern Democracy preferred, is a moral phenomenon without parallel at least in eighteen hundred years. For it must be remembered that the thunders of fratricidal war were yet shaking the nation; a war in the main object of which he declared himself in full sympathy—was himself, when other measures failed, "*to go as far as he who would go farthest.*" How well he is redeeming that pledge! Who need wonder at his present attitude or spirit! Why does not justice require that those who are responsible for his nomination and election, should be branded with the same infamy that now shrouds the blood-dyed traitors of the rebellion itself.

Look a moment, my friend, at what he demanded as a condition of loyalty for himself and his constituents. With Mr. Crittenden, he required 1. *Constitutional guarantee* and protection for slavery south of the Missouri Compromise line. 2. Repeal of all Personal Liberty laws, and "*an explicit declaration in the Constitution* that it is the duty of each State for itself to return fugitive slaves when demanded by the proper authority, *or pay double their cash value!*" 3. With Mr. Crittenden again, that *slavery shall exist* in arsenals, navy yards, etc., if admitted by the States where they are situated. 4. Congress shall never interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia while it exists in Maryland; nor 5. Touch the three-fifths representation clause; nor the inter-State slave-trade coastwise, or inland; and these provisions of the Constitution to be made *unamendable and irrevocable!!*

These were the terms of Tennessee loyalty in part proposed by her Senator Andrew Johnson, and defended by him in the Senate of the United States. There has been talk of his "Impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanors," committed since. If he be forgiven the insulting outrages of 1861, in his motions and speeches in the Senate, it were a cruel mockery to try him for any offences perpetrated afterward. Senators who tolerated him then would present a sorry spectacle arraigning and trying him now for attempts to thwart their own schemes and purposes. One is reminded of old Dr. Beecher on trial in 1835, for heresy, before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. A wicked wag said, "It would be a devilish sight more proper to try the Assembly before Dr. Beecher."

Had the South returned as Johnson entreated her to do, and had his or Crittenden's measures been adopted, as could and doubtless would have been done, it would have riveted a more humiliating slavery on the North than ever shamed or scourged the human race.

Will you tell me there was no danger of this at that time! Be not deceived. No danger when the loyalty and patriotism of Johnson were on almost every Northern tongue, Republican and Democratic alike! No danger, when the monstrous defence he made of his measures in the Senate, was doxologized by enraptured Republicans as "Jacksonian in tone, Websterian in argument!" No danger, when Congress was deluged with petitions to adopt the Crittenden Compromises; nearly twenty-five thousand names presented from Massachusetts, and fourteen thousand from Boston alone! No danger, when the Senate, six months before, had virtually repealed the Missouri Compromise, and opened all the National domain to slavery with only three dissenting votes! No danger, when the Supreme Court had reversed or revoked all restrictions ever placed on slave-breeding, slaveholding or slave-hunting! and when Kentucky and Tennessee were solemnly, tenderly, affectionately appealed to in Congress, and throughout the loyal States, *to accept all this as a Peace Offering*, and not follow secession into seas red with blood and fire! O no, my dear sir, you cannot now say there was no danger. And you must permit me again to declare the watchmen who did not descry danger, and sound alarms too, like the seven apocalyptic thunders, were unworthy of their high trust when the nation was already reeling with the throes of bloody revolution. At their hands must myriads of noble young lives be required.

One other particular in your letter demands notice. Many before you have claimed great merit for their party, for conducting the country successfully safe through the war. Gladly enough would I award it, but the simple, solid, historic truth is, the party has never brought the country through anything, though into many things. Mr. Lincoln always admitted, and demanded praise for it, that he "only followed the logic of events," and led in nothing. "I have not controlled events, but events have controlled me," was ever his boast. Had the Gulf States been as craven and cowardly as Kentucky, or as subtle, mean and contemptible as Tennessee, or as corrupt and time-serving as the North, the glory of Crittenden, as the Prince Regent of Compromisers, would have eclipsed and extinguished Henry Clay forever; and Andrew Johnson, like Daniel Webster, would have demanded the Presidency as his reward for saving the Union.

No, my friend, the Republican party should ask no honor for conducting the nation through the war. Nor, as it seems to me, for any progress or performance, not wrung out of it by some irresistible force, foreign to itself. Only the desperation of the foe kept us from laying all at their feet in the beginning. We approached them as cringing suppliants, when we had a million men under arms, and a hundred thousand already dead. So late as June, 1863, Horace Greeley said in the *Tribune*, defending himself from the charge of wishing to abolish slavery by the war, "There has never been a moment when, had the rebel chiefs sent an agent to the President to say, "*we will give up the rebellion, lay down our arms, and return to the Union, if you will stipulate that the Confiscation act and yo[ur] emancipation policy shall be no further pressed to our prejudice*, and we had been asked to advise the President as to his action in these premises, that our prompt response would not have been, Accept those terms at once, and give this distracted country peace!"

Had our enemy been one-half as strong as we in men and the munitions of war, they would have chained our President and Congress to their chariot wheels, like Roman conquerers, and marched in triumph through the national capital. As it was, their bravery and our blood floated the Ship of State long after the party leaders would have beached her on shores of compromise, a thousand times more to be dreaded and deplored than honorable shipwreck. Better far to have gone nobly down in mid ocean, with flags of freedom nailed to every mast.

Republican curses so hail-stormed on Andrew Johnson's head, are ill-timed and misplaced. For he told the Senate and the country he was with the rebellion in its aims and purposes. He was seeking the same end, only by other methods; would to attain it, "*go as far as he who would go farthest.*" The Southern States, desperate as was their cause and diabolical their object, blew the clarion of war and dared us to mortal combat. He appealed to all in us that was ignoble, cruel, cowardly, and contemptible, and we listened with delight. We hailed and honored him as hero and patriot, statesman and sage. We made haste to promote him to the second office then in our gift. A pistol's flash placed him in the presidential chair, which he has made a throne.

For all this, the leaders of the Republican party must be held responsible. Be it that "seventy-five per cent. of the whole party are above reproach, loyal to justice, truth, and right." That is but a humiliating confession when it is so well known and unanimously acknowledged that far less than the other twenty-five per cent. dictate and control the entire policy, from the presidential nomination to the appointment of every Cross Roads postmaster.

Emancipating the slaves, arming the slaves, suffrage for the freed slaves—indeed every just or generous act became base, craven, and despicable by being postponed until stern necessity, sordid selfishness compelled it, if performed at all.

How can a party with such a history plead for a longer life? It has outlived all honor, all integrity. Decent rites of sepulchre are all it can justly desire. What claim can its chieftains have on the respect, still less on the votes, of honest men such as compose the rank and file of the organization? and in large proportion, at least in this State, of the Democracy also?

I would agree with you, my friend, were it possible. That you know me too well to doubt. But to me, the conclusion is irresistible. Conscience and reason, philosophy and philanthropy, liberty, loyalty and patriotism all declare that the destinies of the nation must be committed to other hands, or all is inevitably lost.

Yours, for justice, though the heavens fall.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 1, 1867.

HOW NORTHERN MEN ARE TREATED IN ALABAMA.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing of the condition of affairs in Alabama, says:

"The men who tell you of a willingness on the part of this Southern people to welcome Northern emigration, tell you—perhaps not meaning it—a falsehood. You at the North, not hating the Southern people, do not readily believe in a bitterness of feeling you yourselves are incapable of. Nor could you understand it until you saw it here. I tell you these people are worse than the Japanese or Chinese in their lofty assumption and bigoted ignorance. They want Northern capital—not Northern emigration. Come down and try it. If you keep a store, they will not deal with you. If you open a school, you'll be left to teach the d—d niggers. If you settle on a plantation it will be as it were struck with a pestilence—for not one of your neighbors will come on it.

"All that, perhaps you say, is too general and abstract. Well, then, here's something concrete. Since the war, more than fifty Northern families have settled on plantations, either bought or leased, within thirty miles of this place. Those of them that I know are highly respectable, and include ladies of education and refinement. From the time they arrived to the present day, a social *cordon* is drawn around them, and they are placed in permanent quarantine. Quarantine happens to be an eminently proper word here—for tenderly nurtured women and delicate children might die on these Yankee plantations for any aid or sympathy of their Southern neighbors. Attendance at church for themselves, and on Sunday school for their children, is found difficult if not impossible, and only attainable at the expense of more slights and insults than even a Christian is called upon to seek voluntarily. I grant that a Northern man may get along by dint of much smoking, drinking, billiards, denunciation of Radicals, flattery of rebels, and swearing the d—d nigger is too lazy to work. I don't mean such a man. I mean a man with a soul. Munroe.

"P. S.—The *Commercial* of last Saturday has been handed me since I wrote the above, and I open my letter to say something of a communication I find in it, headed 'Southern Union Men and Rebels,' signed Fletcher. Every word of it is true, and the portrayal of the position of the Southern Union man who returns to his home after the war, is admirable, and drawn to the life. The suggestion that 'all is duplicity down here,' prompts me to say that if these people in some respects resemble the Chinese, they in many others remind me of our Sioux Indians. They respect power—they respect it profoundly; and their attitude of humility after the surrender was sincere, because they knew what they deserved, and what the conqueror had in his power to inflict. That fear removed, you see them as they are, humble to cringing in presence of superior force or the commissary; tyrannical, plotting, and revengeful where no immediate interest is to be subserved."

THE PRESS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT.

The *Tribune* says:

Altogether, the President's Message is an extraordinary document—a strange compound of statesmanship and passion. From his views on reconstruction, so full of anger and prejudice, we turn to his views on finance, which are patriotic and wise. There is one subject which the President never approaches without making us pity him for his own sake. He should know that reconstruction is settled, that the destiny of the negro is beyond his control, and that he might as well attempt to bring the sheetless dead out of their bloody and honorable graves as to persist in his efforts to change it. Reconstruction has passed into history, and the President might as well admit the fact. The other parts of the message should receive patient consideration, as they contain much that the nation will generally approve.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The *Herald* says:

The President's Message is mainly devoted to a reproduction, *in extenso*, of his peculiar views on reconstruction. His argument in reference to the status and constitutional right of the rebel States is that of an earnest and well satisfied advocate; but he forgets that in 1865 he officially pronounced those States as without legal governments or civil officers, and proceeded to set them up with Provisional Governors, reconstruction conventions and constitutions, subject to the decision of Congress. But letting all this pass, Mr. Johnson, on the unconstitutionality of the existing reconstruction laws, on the folly and dangerous tendencies of unqualified negro suffrage and Southern negro supremacy, on the costs of reconstruction under this pernicious system, and on the verdict of the late Northern elections, makes up a powerful case against the Radicals and in favor of "the repeal of those acts of Congress which place ten of the Southern States under the domination of military masters."

But what does Mr. Johnson propose instead of these obnoxious laws? In 1866 Congress passed a certain constitutional amendment and submitted it to the States for their ratification. In opposition to this amendment Mr. Johnson submitted his policy of Southern reconstruction and restoration to the public judgment. Thus, between his policy and the amendment from Congress the issue was joined which controlled the elections of last September, October and November, a year ago. And what was the result? An overwhelming popular majority in every State for the Congressional amendment, from Maine to California. That was the verdict of the people. They approved that amendment, which declared equal civil rights to individuals as citizens, regardless of race or color, and which left the question of the elective franchise to the several States to settle, the only condition exacted being this, to wit: that where there was no suffrage there should be no counting of the excluded race or class in counting the people for representation in Congress.

Now, had Mr. Johnson recommended to Congress a return to this amendment in deference to the votes of the people, his argument would have been as strong as a line of rivets driven through the splicing of a steam boiler and clinched on the other side. In recommending nothing but the repeal of these Southern military despotisms he leaves us to the conclusion that he will approve nothing but his own policy, condemed by the people as emphatically as they have condemned in its turn this more recent Congressional policy of Southern negro supremacy. The President indicates no margin for a compromise with the two houses of this Fortieth Congress. He will not budge a peg, and they will not budge a peg; and so, we suppose, it will be to the end of his term of office, when he will retire, and they will retire, and that will be the last of them. * * * * *

The impartial reader of the Message will find in it not so much to condemn, but many things to approve. The general tone is that of a calm and dispassionate state paper, although slightly tinctured with the constitutional odor of the stump in some passages. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is, that after having by facts and arguments thoroughly demolished the Southern negro supremacy policy of Congress, Mr. Johnson has nothing definite to recommend in its place. This, we apprehend, means that the split between President and Congress offers "no diplomatic half-way house of rest," and that therefore nothing in the way of relief need be expected for the South until the people shall have established at Washington a new President and a new Congress.

"A DAUNTLESS SPIRIT."

The *World* thinks that the Message, "though not equal in condensed strength of writing and closeness of logic to some of President Johnson's former messages, particularly the incomparable veto of the first Reconstruction act, is inferior to none of them in the higher qualities of masculine intrepidity and political courage. With an impeachment suspended over him, as it were by a single thread, he remonstrates in a most unquailing and dauntless spirit against all the favorite measures of Congress, whose absurdity he exposes, whose mischievous consequences he depicts, whose repugnance to the Constitution he demonstrates, in as firm a tone as if the path of duty were beset with no dangers."

CONGRESSIONAL RECONSTRUCTION.

Again, the *World* says:

This frank and intrepid document merely gives words and logic to the determination expressed by the people in their votes since the adjournment of Congress in July. If the President condemns the policy of Congress as repugnant to the Constitution, subversive of the public prosperity, and a breach of pledges solemnly given, he merely echoes the voice of the people, or rather supplies a tongue to express their will. The popular fiat has gone forth that *the reconstruction policy of Congress cannot stand;* and we wish the President would repeat it in every communication he has occasion to make, as the resolute old Roman concluded every speech, no matter on what subject, with his *delenda est Carthago*—no quarter to Carthage. It is preposterous to suppose this hideous violation of the Constitution can be permanent; and if Congress refuse to undo their work the people will assuredly undo it for them. There is not one white man in five hundred between the Potomac and the Rio Grande who will not endorse and stand by every word of the Message, or whose indignant sense of violated right and outraged feeling does not outrun the guarded language of the President. Congress must be a synod of as great blockheads as they are disposed to be tyrants if they think that with this state of feeling in the South, their negro governments can ever be self-sustaining. They will stand while they are propped up by Federal bayonets, *and not a day longer.*

A "CONSERVATIVE" VIEW.

The *Times* says:

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message, which was published at length in yesterday's *Times*, is an able document, as have been all the State papers of President Johnson. Its style is clear and very forcible. There is neither vagueness in its statements, nor weakness in its phrases. But its temper savors far too much of arrogance—its spirit is far too bitter and hostile—its pervading tone is too decidedly one of stern rebuke and denunciation, to permit the hope that it will contribute anything to the pacification of the country, and the restoration of the peace and concord of which all its States and and sections stand so much in need.

The Constitution provides that the President "shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." This is his authority, and his only authority, for sending messages to Congress at all. In this Message we get very little "information" as to the state of the Union. Two-thirds of the whole document is devoted to a strong, argumentative, vehement denunciation of the past action of Congress; and the only "measure" which is recommended in this connection is the prompt repeal of the laws in which this action is embodied. The usage of some of his predecessors may be held to vindicate the President's *right* to send such a document, almost as dictatorial in its form as it is arrogant in its temper, into Congress, in place of the "information" for which the Constitution intended to provide. But in the present state of the public mind, under the existing emergencies of the nation, and in view of the passions engendered by the past conflicts between the two departments of the government, no reflecting man can fail to see that such an exercise of that "right" is in itself a flagrant and perilous wrong.

If the President had given to Congress clear and reliable "information" as to the practical working of the laws which he condemns; if he had told them how they are received by the classes of people whom they most directly affect, what evils to political and civil society their enforcement is producing, and what further evils are apprehended from them; if he had followed these statements by calm and judicious suggestions as to the "measures" by which their defects could be cured and the evils they threaten could be averted, he would have complied much more directly with the injunctions of the Constitution, and would have commanded a much more respectful and considerate hearing from Congress. But he does nothing of the sort. He reasons, remonstrates, and contends with Congress, and denounces it for the action it has already taken. Moreover, everything which he says in this Message he has said before. He urges now precisely the same objections to the Congressional plan of reconstruction which he urged before it became a law. He gives Congress no reason why it should repeal that law, which he had not already given why they should not pass it. We have no new "information," no new facts, no new arguments even upon this subject. He tells Congress that the action it took at the last session was unconstitutional, arbitrary, harsh, and cruel in its effect, at war with the best interests of the country, and certain to produce nothing but disaster and ruin. But he had told Congress all this before its action was taken, and yet it did not prevent the passage of the law. His repetition of denunciations, which failed of effect when they were in time and place, now that they are wholly out of time and out of place, is as undignified and unworthy of him, as it cannot fail to prove offensive and exasperating to those to whom it is addressed.

The effect of this portion of the Message will be to widen the breach between the President and Congress (if, indeed, that be possible), and to increase the chances that the action of the latter will be as unwise and inconsiderate as the words of the former. The President could have done nothing more certain to destroy all chance of his exerting a wholesome influence on Congress than he has done in this vehement and vituperative denunciation of the action it has already taken.

* * * * * * *

As a whole, we regard the Message as the least satisfactory—as calculated, at this particular crisis in national affairs, to do the least good and the most harm, of any which President Johnson has sent to Congress. It will contribute less than any other to the restoration of a peaceful and considerate temper, and will do more than any other to increase and confirm the rancor and acrimony of feeling from which the country has suffered so much already. A stronger censure could not well be passed upon it.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The *Evening Post* says:

Mr. Johnson's Message of which the whole appears on the outside, is not so tersely and forcibly written as some of his previous state papers, but is nevertheless striking both in style and logical ability. Few of our Presidents have handled the pen with the vigor, perspicuity and general literary correctness that mark the public papers of the present Executive. But we wish that his judgment in affairs were as precise and just as they are in composition. In that event we should have been spared one-fourth at least of the document before us. Nearly all that is said of the reconstruction act might as well have been left out. The constitutional aspects of it he has argued before, with equal force, at least, and he adds nothing to the weight of his argument. Neither can he instruct us much by new facts, as the experiment is still in the course of trial—scarcely begun, indeed, in many respects—and he ought to have awaited the complete results. What he does say, we fear, will open old sores, and justify that acrimonious retaliation of debate for which Congress is only too ready. Nothing more was due to the dignity of the President than to repeat his views in a paragraph, to urge briefly, if he thought proper, a modification of those of Congress, and to state the inconvenience of the Tenure of Office bill. This persistency in recurring to the old topics will have no effect but to invite further antagonism, which will tend to prevent an ultimate settlement.

Mr. Johnson's position, too, is marked by the same extraordinary defect as formerly—to wit, that as he states it, it is an unconditional surrender of the late insurgent States to conquered rebels. The enemies whom he provokes anew will not overlook its singular weakness and danger.

THE PROCLAMATION OF WAR.

The Philadelphia *Morning Post* says:

The President defies and invites impeachment, when, in his message, he threatens to begin a civil war if Congress passes any law which is, in *his* opinion unconstitutional, and of irreparable injury to the government. He coolly tells Congress that he "will not adopt forcible measures, or such as might lead to force, as long as those which are peaceable remain open to him or to his constituents." He adds that "cases may occur in which the Executive would be compelled to stand on its rights, and maintain them, regardless of all consequences," and in such cases he announces that he will "take the high responsibilities of his office, and save the life of the nation at all hazards."

This means nothing less than that if Andrew Johnson can carry out his policy without force he will be satisfied, but that if all else fails he will appeal to arms. He makes himself the judge of the legislation of Congress, as if the Constitution, about which he hypocritically prates, had given him any power to control its legislation, excepting that lodged in his prerogative of the veto. If Mr. Johnson can find one word in the Constitution which authorizes him to resist by force the laws passed by Congress over his veto, he will make the startling discovery that this is not a Republic but a Monarchy. The only branch of the government which has the right to judge of the constitutionality of the laws of the United States is the Supreme Court, and if Andrew Johnson has not given away all his copies of the Constitution, he will find the proof of this assertion in section 2, of article III.

But he proclaims his authority to be higher than that of Congress, higher than the Constitution. In his own hands he holds peace or war, and he is ready to appeal to the sword, and plunge the country into a more bloody strife. In his own words, he "would resort to civil war as the last remedy for the worst of evils." This is the insulting and treasonable defiance which Andrew Johnson has thrown down before the representatives of the people. If the House does not impeach him now it will be because it is afraid of the threat. He has shaken the sword of the usurper in the face of the country, and declared that he is prepared to take the responsibility of making war upon the laws of the United States.

OF GEN. GRANT'S REPORT

the *World* says:

But it is too evident, both in the matter and manner of the report, that General Grant is solicitous to excuse himself and stand well with Congress. He is careful to insinuate the idea that he accepted the Secretaryship from a sense of military subordination, and he signs his report as General of the Army as well as Secretary of War. A voluntary participation in an administration whose chief deserves impeachment for high crimes, would be rather awkward for a Republican candidate for President, and yet nothing is clearer than that General Grant was free to do as he liked. His finessing on this point is more objectionable than his political silence.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S REPORT.

The official report of Major-Gen. Sheridan, of operations in the Fifth Military District up to the time of his removal, has been received at the headquarters of the army in Washington since the completion of Gen. Grant's report. He says that the persons whom he found holding civil offices in Louisiana and Texas were nearly all ex-rebel soldiers or sympathisers with the rebellion, and that while they held office it was impossible to execute the military reconstruction bills. He defends his action in removing many of these officials, and says that they were suffered to remain in office until it became absolutely necessary from their disloyal acts to oust them. He adds that he strove to perform his duty faithfully and impartially, taking as his guide what he sincerely believed to be the spirit and meaning of the law which he was appointed to execute.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We extract from Johnson's Message what he says of Negro Suffrage, and of his relations to Congress:

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

It is manifestly and avowedly the object of these laws to confer upon the negroes the privilege of voting, and to disfranchise such number of white citizens as will give the former a clear majority at all elections in the Southern States. This, to the mind of some persons is so important, that a violation of the Constitution is justified as a means of bringing it about. That morality is always false which excuses a wrong because it proposes to accomplish a desirable end. We are not permitted to do evil that good may come, but in this case the end itself is evil, as well as the means. The subjugation of States to negro domination would be worse than the military despotism under which they are now suffering. It was believed, beforehand, that the people would endure any amount of military oppression for any length of time rather than degrade themselves by subjection to the negro race. Therefore they have been left without a choice. Negro suffrage was established by act of Congress, and military officers were commanded to superintend the process of clothing the negro race with the political privileges torn from white men. The blacks in the South are entitled to be well and humanely governed, and to have the protection of just laws for all their rights of person and property. If it were practicable at this time to give them a government exclusively their own, under which they might manage their own affairs in their own way, it would become a grave question whether we ought to do so, or whether common humanity would not require us to save them from themselves. But under the circumstances, this is only a speculative point. It is not proposed merely that they should govern themselves, but that they shall rule the white race, and make and administer the laws, elect Presidents and members of Congress, and shape to a greater or less extent the future destiny of the whole country. Would such a trust and power be safe in such hands? The peculiar qualities which should characterize any people who are fit to decide upon the management of public affairs for a great State, have seldom been combined. It is the glory of the white men to know that they have had these qualities in sufficient measure to build upon this continent a great political fabric, and to preserve its stability for more than ninety years, while in every other part of the world all similar experiments have failed. But if anything can be proved by the known facts, if all reasoning is not abandoned, it must be acknowledged that in the progress of nations negroes have shown less capacity for government than any other race of people. No independent government of any form has ever been successful in their hands. On the contrary, wherever they have been left to their own devices they have shown a constant tendency to relapse into barbarism. In the Southern States, however, Congress has undertaken to confer upon them the privilege of the ballot. Just released from slavery, it may be doubted whether, as a class, they know more than their ancestors how to organize and regulate civil society. Indeed, it is admitted that the blacks of the South are not only regardless of the rights of property, but so utterly ignorant of public affairs that their voting can consist in nothing more than carrying a ballot to the place where they are directed to deposit it. I need not remind you that the exercise of the elective franchise is the highest attribute of the American citizen, and that when guided by virtue, intelligence, patriotism and a proper appreciation of our free institutions, it constitutes the true basis of a democratic form of government, in which the sovereign power is lodged in the body of the people. A trust artificially created, not for its own sake, but solely as a means of promoting the general welfare, its influence for good must necessarily depend upon the elevated character and the true allegiance of the elector. It ought, therefore, to be reposed in none except those who are fitted morally and mentally to administer it well, for if conferred upon persons who do not justly estimate its value, and who are indifferent as to its result, it will only serve as the means of placing power in the hands of unprincipled and ambitious men, and must eventuate in the complete destruction of the liberty of which it should be the most powerful conservator. I have, therefore, heretofore urged upon your attention the great danger to be apprehended from an untimely extension of the elective franchise to any new class in our country, especially when a large majority of that class, in wielding the power thus placed in their hands, cannot be expected to correctly comprehend the duties and responsibilities which pertain to the right of suffrage.

Yesterday, as if it were, four millions of persons were held in a condition of slavery that had existed for generations; to-day they are free men, and are assumed by law to be citizens. It cannot be presumed, from their previous condition of servitude, that, as a class, they are as well informed as to the nature of our government as the intelligent foreigner who makes our land his home from choice. In the case of the latter, neither a residence of five years and a knowledge of our institutions which it gives, nor attachment to the principles of our Constitution, are the only conditions upon which he can be admitted to citizenship. He must prove in addition a good moral character, and thus give reasonable ground for belief that he will be faithful to the obligations which he assumes as a citizen of the Republic. When a people, the source of all political power, speak by their suffrage through the instrumentality of the ballot-box, it must be carefully guarded against the control of those who are corrupt in principle and are enemies of free institutions, for it can only become to our political and social system a safe conductor of healthy popular sentiment, when kept free from demoralizing influences. Controlled through fraud and usurpation by designing anarchy and despotism must inevitably follow. In the hands of the patriotic and worthy, our government will be preserved upon the principles of the Constitution inherited from our fathers. It follows, therefore that in admitting to the ballot-box a new class of voters not qualified for the exercise of the elective franchise, we weaken our system of government instead of adding to its strength and durability. I yield to no one in attachment to that rule of general suffrage which distinguishes our policy as a nation, but there is a limit wisely observed hitherto which makes the ballot a privilege and trust, and which requires of some classes a time of suitable probation and preparation. To give it indiscriminately to new classes, wholly unprepared by previous habits and opportunities to perform the trust which it demands, is to degrade it and finally to destroy its power; for it may be safely assumed that no political truth is better established than that such indiscriminate and all-embracing extension of popular suffrage must end at last in its overthrow and destruction. I repeat the expression of my willing-

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ness to join in any plan within the scope of our constitutional authority, which promises to better the condition of the negroes in the South by encouraging them in industry, enlightening their minds, improving their morals and giving protection to all their just rights as freedmen; but a transfer of our political inheritance to them would, in my opinion, be an abandonment of duty which we owe alike to the memory of our fathers and the rights of our children. The plan of putting the Southern States wholly, and the general government partially, into the hands of negroes is proposed at a time peculiarly unpropitious. The foundations of society have been broken up by civil war. Industry must be reorganized, justice re-established, public credit maintained, and order brought out of confusion. To accomplish these ends would require all the wisdom and virtue of the great men who formed our institutions originally. I confidently believe that their descendants will be equal to the arduous task before them; but it is worse than madness to expect that negroes will perform it for us. Certainly we ought not to ask their assistance until we despair of our own competency. The great difference between the two races in physical, mental and moral characteristics will prevent an amalgamation or fusion of them together in one homogeneous mass. If the inferior obtains the ascendency over the superior it will govern with reference only to its own interest, for it will recognize no common interest, and create such a tyranny as this continent has never yet witnessed. Already the negroes are influenced by promises of confiscation and plunder. They are taught to regard as an enemy every white man who has any respect for the rights of his own race. If this continues, it must become worse and worse, until all order will be subverted, all industry cease, and the fertile fields of the South will grow up into a wilderness. Of all dangers which our nation has yet encountered, none are equal to those which must result from the success of the effort now making to Africanize half of our country.

THE PRESIDENT VS. CONGRESS.

How far the duty of the President to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution requires him to go on in opposing an unconstitutional act of Congress, is a very serious and important question, on which I have deliberated much and felt extremely anxious to reach a proper conclusion. Where an act has been passed according to the forms of the Constitution by the supreme legislative authority, and is regularly enrolled among the public statutes of the country, Executive resistance to it, especially in times of high party excitement, would be likely to produce a violent collision between the respective adherents of the two branches of government. This would be simply civil war, and civil war must be resorted to only as a last remedy for the worst of evils. Whatever might tend to provoke it should be most carefully avoided. A faithful and conscientious magistrate will concede very much to honest error, and something even to perverse malice, before he will endanger public peace, and he will not adopt forcible measures, or such as might lead to force, as long as those which are peaceable remain open to him, or to his constituents. It is true that cases may occur in which the Executive would be compelled to stand on rights and maintain them, regardless of consequences. If Congress should pass an act which is not only in palpable conflict with the Constitution, but will certainly, if carried out, produce immediate and irreparable injury to the organic structure of the government, and if there be neither judicial remedy for the wrongs it inflicts, nor power in the people to protect themselves, without official aid of their elected defender; if, for instance, the legislative department should pass an act, even through all forms of law, to abolish a co-ordinate department of the government, in such a case the President must take the high responsibilities of his office and save the life of the nation at all hazards. The so-called Reconstruction acts, though as plainly unconstitutional as any that can be imagined, were not believed to be within the class last mentioned. People were not wholly disarmed of the power of self-defence. In all the Northern States they still hold in their hands the sacred right of the ballot, and it was safe to believe that in due time they would come to the rescue of their own institutions. It gives me pleasure to add that the appeal to our common constituents was not taken in vain, and that my confidence in their wisdom and virtue seems not to have been misplaced.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH

National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.

THE managers of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fourth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, January 22d, 1868. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Surely if there rested in any mind the slightest doubt whether our continued exertions in the old channels are needed, the events of the last three months must have dispelled it.

We see the President of the United States planting himself on the old idea of a white man's government, an idea which the nation has fought five years to crush. He upholds the policy of recognizing races and regulating our laws according to the supposed qualities of each—thus ignoring the cardinal principle of the civilization of which he is the official head. The negro is to be very graciously protected by the pity of the white man—not by granting him his rights or putting into his hands the means of defending them. We are not to treat him as an equal, but to dole out charity to him as a dependent.

This revival of old prejudice, this quickening of old feuds, is regarded by one-half the nation as sound statesmanship. The announcement of this creed in his Message has so strengthened the President's position that Congress dares not venture to impeach him. Such has been the criminal indifference and huckstering policy of the Republican leaders that, at length, the people themselves are, in some degree, confused and demoralized. An empty and servile press echoes the treason, and, if such a thing were possible, one might fear we were drifting back into the hateful and angry struggles which disgraced the Nation before the war.

While Congress fears to impeach a President confessedly guilty of high crimes, the great leaders of the Republican party seem ready timidly to hide themselves behind the fame of a successful soldier, with no pledge or claim that he shall support the policy which alone has led us to victory—the policy of exact justice and impartial civil rights. The North—Ohio, Connecticut, and the West—reeks with the old hate of the negro, and by fresh action pledges itself against him.

Doubtless there was an hour when all this could have been prevented. That golden opportunity—that moment, when the people, far ahead of their leaders, besought them to "go forward"—was allowed to pass away. Earnest, devoted, strenuous effort is needed to regain, if possible, another such; at least to rally the Nation afresh to its duty.

Believing that the whole duty of the Abolitionists will not be done, nor the pledges of the Anti-Slavery movement redeemed, until the idea of race is eliminated from our civil life, until color is no proscription anywhere under the flag—and seeing with what a slender tie the dominant party is bound to this idea, and how ready the leaders are to loose it, we feel that every word we can utter and every effort we can make is needed *now*, before the great choice of next year, to secure all that can yet be saved of the harvest for which our husbands, sons and brothers gave their lives.

The eyes of the civilized world are upon us. The dead who gave their lives for justice claim of us a like devotion in this great cause. Let every one—those whom long years of toil have consecrated to this work and those whom present emergencies have baptized into it—let all rally with a fresh enthusiasm to sustain our Society by their personal activity and their pecuniary contributions. We need both. It is only by the labor of many hands so great a work can be done. For a hapless race now passing through a most perilous hour, we beg of all friends their utmost exertions. This last, this critical hour, when so much may be lost or that final seal set which secures all, let us unite in a strenuous effort to make the most of the opportunity bought with the blood of so many martyrs.

Those not able to be present to aid on this occasion and listen to the appeals of the zealous and tried laborers in our cause, may send their contributions to R. P. HALLOWELL, Esq., No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the managers resident in Boston.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, Worcester, Mass.
LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Wayland, Mass.
LUCRETIA MOTT, Pennsylvania.
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.
LIDIAN EMERSON, Concord, Mass.
MARY GREW, Philadelphia.
ELIZABETH GAY, Staten Island, N. Y.
MARY E. SARGENT, Boston, Mass.
LYDIA D. PARKER, Boston, Mass.
CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN, Boston, Mass.
ANNA SHAW GREENE, Boston, Mass.
MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS, Medford, Mass.
MARY M. BROOKS, Concord, Mass.
SALLIE HOLLEY, New York.
HANNAH B. SPOONER, Plymouth, Mass.
CAROLINE C. THAYER, Boston, Mass.
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS, Boston, Mass.
CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE, Newton, Mass.
MATTIE GRIFFITH BROWNE, Boston, Mass.
MARTHA LE BARON GODDARD, Worcester, Mass.
EMELINE T. SMITH, Cambridgeport, Mass.
ANNA D. HOLLOWELL, Medford, Mass.
SARAH COWING, Weymouth, Mass.
JENNIE G. GREENE, Milton, Mass.
ARMENIA S. WHITE, Concord, N. H.
RUTH BUFFUM, Lynn, Mass.
CAROLINE R. PUTNAM, Italy.
SARAH BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
REBECCA BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
SARAH J. NOWELL, Cambridgeport, Mass.
SARAH P. REMOND, Italy.
MARGARET P. SNOW, Fitchburg, Mass.
HARRIET W. SEWALL, Melrose, Mass.
EVELINA E. SLACK, Boston, Mass.
MARY C. SAWYER, Grantville, Mass.
ABBY S. STEPHENSON, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
EDNAH D. CHENEY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
ELIZABETH B. CHACE, Rhode Island.
ANNA TALBOT FAIRBANKS, Rhode Island.

CONGRESS SURRENDERS.

THERE can be no doubt, judging from the record, that a majority of the loyal people of these States, a majority of the Republican party, and a majority of the House of Representatives consider Andrew Johnson guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and that he *deserves* to be impeached. The tone of the press for a year past, the action of Congress itself, and its two extraordinary sessions, can be explained on no other hypothesis. A loyal Congress has been engaged in a two years' struggle with the Executive. It has endeavored to strip him of one power after another. Its whole legislation is an avowed effort to cripple an enemy. Law after law has been passed for this purpose over his veto. Congress has showed by its whole action that it looked on the President as so much of an antagonist that he could not be trusted with the usual powers of his office.

All these attempts to cripple him the President has contemptuously trodden under foot. So far as his action is concerned one-half of the most important legislation of the XXXIXth and XLth Congresses has been waste paper—of no more practical importance than the resolutions of any other Debating Club. To crown the whole, at last, in the Message which opens the present session, the President has defied all the powers and claims of Congress, and threatened forcible resistance if it dared to proceed.

For two years Congress has been legislating, with an unanimity never before equalled, on the most vital subjects; enacting its laws over the Executive veto. All these laws the President disobeys, and gives contemptuous notice that he shall continue to disobey.

Now, either these worthy gentlemen, who draw pay and mileage, have been engaged in child's play, or the President has committed grave crimes. The record is made up. No fine-spun theories or brave words in a Minority Report can alter it. No more distinct lines of hostile array ever divided the camps of Grant and Lee than those which have, *avowedly*, run between Congress and the White House. It is too late in the day for members to ignore these, and try thus to conceal their defeat. They armed for battle, entered the lists, summoned the Nation to watch them, and now skulk out of the field. "Sir," said the fiercest of Munchausens, entering an editor's office, "I see your journal of this morning denounces me as a thief and liar." "It does, sir—what have you to say?" was the reply. "I have to say, sir, that I wish you good morning." That man must have written the Minority Report.

No Congress was ever more distinctly elected to mould a Tariff or settle a Foreign Complication than the XLth Congress was elected to impeach Johnson. The XXXVIIIth and XXXIXth Congresses were no more chosen with the understanding that the war was to be carried on, than this one was to impeach Andrew Johnson. It has betrayed its trust. It has sold out in the hope to buy an empty triumph for the Republican *name*. Congress has surrendered to the President, proclaiming that it is afraid to enter the lists with him. Convinced that he is guilty and deserves impeachment, it refuses to impeach on the ground that Johnson is too strong for the Republican party. The Indian dreams that the strength and courage of his victim pass into his own heart and blood. On the same principle a contemptible conqueror makes his dupe contemptible. "Where a monkey is the God, what must be the priests?" If the lackey who bloomed out into a Democrat only after long and fruitless efforts to make slave-drivers admit him into their society—if the drunkard of the 4th of March—the ridiculous swinger round the circle—the bloody mobocrat of New Orleans—the foul-mouthed demagogue of February 22d—the shameless pardon broker—the Rip Van Winkle who wakes up in 1867 to palm off upon us, for a Message, some of the unused manuscript of Pierce or Buchanan—if the coxcomb whose whole intellectual force consists of a prejudice which the blood of a hundred fights has washed out of every honorable soul—if the second-hand rebel who undertakes to swagger in Davis's cast-off clothes—if this is the Conqueror, how shall we fitly describe the three-score Republican Master Shallows and Andrew Aguecheeks who disgrace the shameless consistency of their Democratic brothers in the rebel 109 of the late vote? Mr. Senator Wilson is fond of asserting that Congress is far ahead of the people. We have heretofore regarded this assertion as one of the pleasant tales wherewith that gentleman is wont to amuse the people till a battle is lost—and then inform them that he was aware all the while of the coming defeat, but knowing of no heart, except his own, stout enough to bear the ill news, kindly forbore to prophecy the evil day. But now we adopt Mr. Wilson's view heartily. Congress is indeed far ahead of the people in its readiness to surrender.

"What drugs, what charms,
What conjurations and what mighty magic"

wrought this astounding readiness, only time will reveal. Our old Professor of Logic used to teach us never to seek for any extraordinary cause if an ordinary one would suffice to explain a result. One need not, therefore, suspect bribes, Executive patronage or the intrigues of Presidential candidates—which are, *of course*, extraordinary and unusual apparitions in Congress Halls. It is sufficient to remember that to expect high constitutional courage of the Republican party would be as absurd as to try to "move a dish of skimmed milk with an honorable action." WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will deliver a lecture in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening next, Dec. 19th. His subject will be "The Surrender of Congress." Tickets, at the rate of 25 cents, 35 cents, and 50 cents, the latter for reserved seats, are for sale by S. Dyas & Co., 246 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

ANNA E. DICKINSON lectured at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening last. Her subject was "Breakers Ahead." The lecture was an earnest plea for justice to the colored race, and a timely warning against the dangers of the compromise foreshadowed by the "Conservative" tendency of many Republicans and by the tone of the Republican press. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and will exert an excellent influence wherever it may be heard. We hope in a later issue to be able to present it in full to our readers.

WE print in another column from the Newark (N. J.) *Courier* a report of the recent Woman's Rights Convention held at Vineland, N. J., at which a State organization was formed with Mrs. Lucy Stone as president. We think the ground of one of the resolutions, declaring "that woman's right to vote in New Jersey has never been legally cancelled," is well chosen. We hope that all the women of the State who seek enfranchisement will assume the right to vote at the first opportunity, and, if obstructed, test the matter in the Courts.

MR. SUMNER with characteristic fidelity promptly re-introduced in the Senate the bill striking out the word *white* in the charters of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, which will enable colored people to serve on juries, hold office, and have a share in the public school systems. The bill has passed the Senate and House by a strict party vote, and is now, a second time, in the hands of the President, awaiting his approval or veto

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WE invite attention to the political review contained in the letter from the pen of PARKER PILLSBURY, which we give on our first page. It has a peculiar significance and value at the present time, and deserves to be thoughtfully considered by those who are making preparations to shut their eyes and choose the next President blindfolded.

THE Grant meeting held at Cooper Institute on the 4th instant, though very largely attended, had, like the candidate whose fortunes it was intended to promote, no opinions to put forth in its resolutions as to the vital questions of the hour.

THE Manhattan (Kansas) *Independent*, one of our best Western exchanges, copies the greater portion of Mr. Phillips's last Music Hall address, and prefaces it with the following comment:

"We print this week some extracts from a speech by Wendell Phillips, delivered Oct. 31st., at Music Hall, Boston. We ask a careful and candid perusal of the bold utterances of this great American statesman. It is certain that the Republican party has lost influence with the people by temporizing with the great issues that were thrust upon it by the surrender of the rebels in arms. The principles involved in a wise and a just reconstruction of the rebel States are plain and simple, and easily comprehended by the masses of the people, and had the Republican Congress made a bold application of those principles in the start, we have no doubt but the people would have sustained their action. The Republican party has done enough in the direction of equal rights and impartial justice to secure the hatred of all who are unwilling to grant political rights to the negro. It cannot avoid this opposition, even if it should attempt to back down from its position. The only chance for success is to make the issue boldly and fearlessly, regardless of its effect upon presidential candidates. By so doing they may save the cause of freedom and justice, if not the party. But it is the only chance to save the party, for to attempt to back down will not conciliate copperheads or conservatives, but will disgust and drive to a new organization the radical element, which has been the life and soul of Republicanism."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Rainey, a colored gentleman, recently appeared as an advocate in the Court of the Queen's Bench, and argued a case with much ability.

Mrs. C. K. Sargent, widow of John Turner Sargent, died on the 5th inst., in Boston, at the residence of her son (Dr. Sargent), 20 Chester Park, aged 88 years.

Charles Dickens gave his first reading in this city, at Steinway Hall, on Monday evening last. He has received in this city, as in Boston, a very cordial welcome.

Dickens very seldom writes. He dictates, walking around the room. The volumes which enchant the world are phonographically taken down by his secretary.

John Bright, Stuart Mill, Goldwin Smith, and Prof. Fawcett were among the influential Englishmen who tried in vain to obtain pardon for the Manchester Fenians.

Charles Lenox Remond is at present lecturing in Western New York. He will receive subscriptions for THE STANDARD. He may be addressed for the present, at Addison, Steuben Co., N. Y., care of Mr. John R. Molson.

The Rev. Calvin Fairbanks is spending a few weeks in this city, to fulfil pulpit engagements on several successive Sabbaths. He will also answer calls to lecture on Temperance in the vicinity of New York. He may be addressed, at No. 84 Beekman street.

Marshall P. Wilder, the well-known pomologist of Amherst, Mass., has just given the Massachusetts Agricultural Society a very valuable collection of greenhouse plants, numbering over a thousand specimens. The collection includes rare camelias, Japan lilies, and other fine exotics.

John G. Whittier, it is said, has never attended a public evening entertainment of any kind—not even a concert or a lecture. He was expected to be present at Mr. Dickens's reading in Boston, but failed to make his appearance.

The Rev. J. W. Loguen writes to *Zion's Standard*, of this city, from Syracuse, N. Y.: "The Mayor, last Monday, appointed and caused to be sworn in as 'Policemen, two colored men who now wear the 'Star;' their names are Thomas Jefferson and Julius Smith. They both seceded from the South some years ago, by way of the U. G. R. R., and we cared for them at our U. G. Depot. They are both noble men, and were not appointed because they voted with the party—for they both voted the Republican ticket to my knowledge. They are two or our best citizens."

Miss Sallie Holley will lecture in Farmersville, N. Y., Friday, Dec. 13th.
Lodi, N. Y., Sunday, Dec. 15th.
Ovid, N. Y., Tuesday, Dec. 17th.
Watkins, N. Y., Sunday, Dec. 22d.
Havana, N. Y., Sunday, Dec. 29th.

Mrs. Sarah Glover, who died at Malvern, England, on the 20th of last month, invented the Tonic Sol-fa system which has proved so useful in spreading a knowledge of music among the English. She was also very active in schemes for the education of the poor, and munificent in her charities to the Norwich poor.

George T. Downing, of Newport, will spend the present winter in Washington, in his business as a caterer. Mr. Downing is widely and favorably known as one of the most skilful and successful in his department of business, and we doubt not will have a liberal share of patronage at Washington. His presence in Washington will also be valuable in connection with the interests of the colored people of the country, of whom he is one of the ablest representatives. Two years ago Mr. Downing gave the entire winter, without compensation, as a delagate of the colored people at the Capitol, and with Frederick Douglass and others, exerted a potent influence for good. He fought for many years a valiant battle in Rhode Island, and at great personal sacrifice, to secure admission for colored children to the public schools. We hope his business enterprise at Washington may be rewarded with abundant success.

George W. Smalley, the *Tribune's* special correspondent, writes from London, Nov. 20:

"I copy from an English journal, which does not like the negro, the following:

"'During the bestowal of prizes on Wednesday to the successful competitors in the Oxford Middle Class Examinations, a negro advanced to receive one, and the entire body of spectators, obeying a noble instinct, cheered.'

"Would they have cheered him at Yale or Harvard? I hope so; but I do not know. Let us make haste to admit that there is in England a generosity toward color which in America we have not attained. On the Continent color-prejudice is even less common than here—is in fact almost unknown. A European looks upon the degradation of the negro in America as natural enough, but he regards it as the degradation of a class, not of a race. If a man is ignorant, or of a mean spirit, he is kept down of course; but to be kept down because he is black, that is what Europe does not understand."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, December 8, 1867.

DECIDEDLY, Boston is unlucky in her more recent attempts to get her public men well represented in statuary. We began well with Bowditch—except that the material of his statue in Mount Auburn does not stand our New England climate. The plaster cast of the same in the vestibule of the Athenæum building is much more pleasing to the eye, and gives worthily the face and figure, the dignity and grace of that eminent man. In the chapel at Mount Auburn we have four marble statues—those of Governor Winthrop, of John Adams, of James Otis, and of Judge Story—which may fairly be called admirable. Then came the statue of Franklin, the simplicity of which is rather ludicrous than majestic, in front of the City Hall; then the ugly figure before the State House, the uncomeliness of which represents far rather the character than the outward form of Daniel Webster; then the statue of Horace Mann, on the other side of the State House yard, far better than the former two, yet not supplying the grace and impressiveness which we desire in sculpture; and lastly, a bronze figure of Edward Everett, which seems satisfactory to nobody; which turns its back at once upon the sun and the Public Garden, at one end of which it stands; which, represented as in the act of public speaking, shows an extravagance of attitude and gesture unknown to Mr. Everett; and which, looking over a fence and a row of high flowering shrubs to the upper story of the houses in the street opposite, seems to be making what Masons call "The Grand Hailing Sign of Distress." It is to be hoped that an equestrian statue of Washington, with which we are threatened next, may be more successful.

The lecture last week before the Parker Fraternity was an excellent discourse on "John Brown," by Rev. J. M. Manning. His arrangement of topics was First, the work John Brown did; Second, how he was prepared for it; Third, the manner of his doing it.

The lecturer seemed to place John Brown in precisely the same relation to God and man as the chief worthies of the Old and New Testament history occupied; an estimate in which I heartily concur. He was "the Lord's chosen." His mission was "God-appointed." The impression given by the speaker was that John Brown was selected and commissioned for the work he had to do, *just as* Moses, and Gideon, and Isaiah were selected and commissioned. He was "bound in spirit" to perform the work intrusted to him *just as* St Paul declares himself to have been for the performance of *his* work. Throughout the lecture, as far as John Brown was concerned, the speaker seemed to be defending the Quaker doctrine of "immediate inspiration," which, claiming that God deals with men now as in Old Testament times, strongly suggests the reflection that (whatever recovered tradition may say) His providence operated then precisely as it does now, and not otherwise.

John Brown, it was said, was a devoted Christian, of the old Puritanic type. His religious faith was entire, constant and unquestioning. No sceptical doubt had ever entered his mind. He devoutly believed the whole Bible, Pentateuch, Apocalypse and all; and he had, besides, the peculiar ethical organization of the martyr, seeking to know only what was right, and where lay his duty. His life was calm and quiet, he cared not for the applause of men, and he was entirely destitute of worldly ambition.

To make such a man a prominent actor in the world's business, he must be roused to energy and aggressive action; and the outrages inflicted upon the free-soil settlers in Kansas accomplished this work. The way in which his own rights and theirs were then and there trampled down, taught him that it was necessary not merely to refuse obedience to human laws that violated justice, but to resist them. His burning cabin and his slaughtered sons proved to him how vain was the reliance on such powers as then ruled the nation, for the redress of human wrongs. He saw that it was slavery which had wrought those evils, and he set himself to direct and open warfare with slavery and its supporters. The directness, openness and thoroughness of this warfare, combining as it did the use of material with moral means, were the special peculiarities of John Brown's method. Not in vain had he read of "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The reasons why, after John Brown's defeat and capture, he was strenuous in his demand for a public trial, were significant of the man's character. He understood that, under the circumstances, he was "worth more to be hung than for any other purpose;" but he wished especially to disclaim and disprove the claim of insanity which some had set up for him—to show that humane and Christian motives had from first to last guided his action—and to arouse indignation everywhere against slavery by the fact and the manner of his martyrdom.

Mr. Manning called attention to two remarkable facts as indicating the wisdom and foresight of John Brown. The portions of the United States Constitution and laws which aroused him to deadly combat with slavery were the very ones which we have now found it necessary to repeal and expunge; and his "Plan for a Provisional Government" embraced the very features characteristic of the Congressional plan for reconstruction. The man who was called mad has been our leader in the best movements of the present age.

I trust that Mr. Manning will be invited to deliver this lecture in many places this Winter.

The mention, above, of Providential methods of arousing a community to reformatory action reminds me to speak of a lecture lately delivered here (in the "Old Bay State course") by Mrs. Ella Davis Rockwood. Many people have come to consider Temperance, Woman's Rights and Reconstruction as exhausted subjects. To be sure, they have not applied the truths taught upon these subjects to their own lives; they keep the hereditary "conservative" position upon every one of them; what they want is not to be reformed or instructed, but to hear something which has the stimulus of novelty. Well, the public speaking of a young and graceful woman, who has the power of expressing herself well and even eloquently upon a public platform, supplies the novelty required, and this very class of people throng to hear her, the rather that she promises to give them the "Thoughts of a Yankee Girl." It happens that the thoughts of this particular Yankee girl dwell most seriously on Temperance, Women's Rights and National reconstruction; and her sex, her youth and her persuasive speech keep her hearers in fixed attention, even to these subjects, for more than the accustomed hour for a lecture. The newspapers which discourage these reforms tell their readers that "she said nothing new" in regard to them. It may be so; but since she said much that was true, and that needs to be repeated because it is not yet reduced to practice, and since she fixed a very large audience in careful attention to a protest against their own faults, I, for one, can excuse the want of novelty.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1867.

THE Republican party in Congress is falling to pieces. It is being constantly betrayed by its own friends. The great organization—grandest of all mere political parties ever formed—has no enemy so dangerous as the cowardly and treacherous, the timid time-server and the mere expediency-mongers, who dwell within its borders. In Congress it fails constantly. It is falling to pieces daily. A chief reason is because it has no leader, no one brave enough to strike back or sagacious enough to see a blow and ward it off. Whatever else might be said of Mr. Stevens's leadership, it had the merit of striking back, and of being always ready to attack when liberty was threatened. A crowd of mere respectabilities now strive to rule. All of them are secretly conscious of their unfitness for the position their ambition aspires to. So all strike to prevent other men from that direction. Schenck is too cross, Kelley is deemed too egotistical, Boutwell and Shellabarger too modest (a quality with which not many are afflicted), Butler is too imprudent on an emergency, Logan is not yet a skillful enough parliamentarian. Julian would be best but he is too hard-worked and weary a man to undertake the task. For all practical purposes Mr. Stevens is of the past, except so far as he can counsel.

It is no use disguising the fact. The Republican party is not now one. There are two distinct parties in its midst. The question is really which shall keep the great name and maintain the splendid organization. This honor belongs by all that is just to the Radicals. The Conservatives have no claim, many of them are petty and peddling soldiers of fortune, while the others are jaundiced and disappointed politicians, who grieve at being so near statesmanship and yet unable to make the people recognize them as such. What transpired on the black days—a twin disgrace—of last week has given a final, if yet unrecognized, blow at the unity of the party. Nothing can keep these discordant elements together long, except the pressure of an outside danger, overwhelming as that which drove them into fusion when Sumter was fired upon. The Republican party in Congress might have survived, though that is doubtful, the defeat of impeachment. There are other measures that might have rallied the shattered elements. But it can never survive the utter wreck of mutual confidence which has resulted from the tyrannical and shameless conduct of the majority which destroyed the nation's great hope. That conjunction of conservative fears and copperhead lusts was fitly exemplified by the manner in which they crushed all debate, destroyed free discussion, made parliamentary liberty a jest, and brought to shame and scorn the highest prerogative bestowed by the Constitution on the national Legislature. The tyrannical conduct of the majority in preventing debate, has swept away the last hopes among discerning men, of looking to keeping the Republican party in tact. The only chance—and it is a slender one—lies in the fact that the conservatives may yet be compelled to retrace their steps, by the bitter wormwood and gall Johnson will compel them to swallow. Men hardly yet begin to realize how fatal a blow the majority dealt at the life of the Republican party on Saturday last. The inutility of it is seen in the fact that the question can at any time be re-broached. Impeachment is a privileged question. Any member may make charges by resolution and cannot be prevented from speaking thereto.

The Radicals are, it is pleasant to record, not disheartened by the defeat, which is not theirs, however. They are taking steps towards organization. Consciously or unconsciously they see that division is actual though not yet acknowledged. It is determined not to allow themselves to be divided.

Yesterday quite a number of the active and earnest Radicals, Western men mostly, met at the residence of Thaddeus Stevens. An informal consultation was held, and it was determined to bring up impeachment again by the presentation of different motions to impeach, to which their movers, who will be leading Radicals, can speak at length. This they have a right to do. There will be a conference during the present week, looking to the parliamentary organization of the Radical wing. It is understood that some leader for the House will be selected, probably Gen. Schenck, and around him, with such aid as Mr. Stevens's health will allow him to give, there will be a determined Radical stand for the carrying of such measures as are now pending.

Presidential issues had much to do with the defeat of impeachment. The Grant managers, nearly all, especially Washburne, were active in opposition. Gen. Garfield and Judge Spaulding of Ohio, who are the Chase leaders in the House, were also prominent in the boomerang policy they engineered on Friday last. As proofs of their spirit, let me mention that Garfield was heard to tell James F. Wilson, just before Gov. Boutwell closed his splendid argument, that he must insist upon his motion to lay on the table and call the previous question, as it would never do to let the debate go on. "There are many men here," he said, "who will be influenced by the speeches and the debate will go against us." So much for Garfield. He has a bad attack of "ego," and has lost his balance and his conscience. As for Spaulding, he was chief in objecting, after the previous question was called, to allowing any of the minority to make even a proposition, much more to explain why they filibustered. Perhaps the irascible old lawyer may not think so, but if he ever gets back again from the Cleveland district he will have to do much penance in sackcloth and ashes and get a great deal stronger indorsement from Thaddeus Stevens than that he so humbly sued for in the Fall of 1866. Banks and Dawes will be remembered. They eat dirt and dough all the time.

Mr. Johnson and his friends are jubilant, as well they may be. On Saturday Johnson told a member of Congress that it was his intention to personally look after reconstruction. That means to prevent the ratification of the constitutions being framed in the South. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and the dawdling Congress, having lost opportunity's fairest jewel, now bids fair to have wrested from it the hard results of reconstruction as so far won.

I put upon record a belief that the failure to impeach will seriously imperil the ratification of the constitutions now being formed. That's the present object of the new rebellion. What follows that? The Southern States cannot legally vote for President in November. Johnson will insist upon having the white men therein vote. They will do so for the Democratic-rebel candidate, which may be Hancock and may be Johnson, the last is not at all unlikely. Their vote will not be counted by the House of Representatives, if they are not on the floor of Congress by their representatives. What is the next step? Resistance on the part of the Democracy, North and South, to the inauguration of the President elect. What will be the excuse? That ten States have been prevented from voting, have not been counted, and that consequently the President is not legally elected. This is the programme. It can even now be prevented, but will it? *Facilis descensus averni.* The Congressional majority have begun the downward path. Where they will end is uncertain.

Great interest is felt in THE STANDARD by many of the Radicals. It is proposed to send a large number South, and also to circulate them at home. Many men are heard regretting that Wendell Phillips is not here in Congress. ASMODEUS.

LETTER FROM MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WHEN you asked me to write you from Washington, you were thinking, I suppose, of the impeachment but, so far as I can judge, that game is pretty nearly played out, and however earnest Sumner may be in the Senate, there is no one in the House whose intentions I would trust. I do not mean to say that it is not worth while, in the existing state of things, to push the matter through; only that, if it is worth while, there is no one to do it.

About two thousand people waited in the galleries and lobbies of the House last Wednesday for the subject to come up. Instead, they were compelled to listen while Schenck, of Ohio, pleaded the cause of the restaurant-keepers, who cannot live unless they may sell liquors! Is it not disgraceful to Congress that matters of this kind cannot be disposed of in Committee? The value of the time of members used in discussing the question was greater than the whole value of the lease! Then we heard stale speeches about the cotton-tax, and at the same moment might have fared better in the Senate, where Sumner, Wilson and Howard were freeing their minds of the President's Message, which, to their credit, some of them refused to print. Was ever a public document issued of so nefarious a character? Who but Andrew Johnson ever heard of a ballot "torn from the white race" to be given to the negro, or suspected the "tyranny of the colored people," and the subjugation of the white? What Satanic arguments this old man offers to the Rebel cause! How he bribes in his Message all the remnants of discontent in every party to unite under its factious banner! Certain it is that Andrew Johnson cannot rule in the Lord's kingdom; therefore, blessed are those who foresee the millennium!

"I wish," said an eminent Republican to me at an evening party, "that we were still under military rule. Then there would be some chance of removing the *obstruction!*" This was the strongest utterance I heard. For the most part the community seemed to be oblivious of the President's existence.

Two other things interested me in this great city in spite of myself: its *architecture* and the *colored schools*. Since I saw Washington, twenty years ago, the great gaps have been filled up between the public buildings, but they have filled up unworthily with mean, ineffective ranges of stores or dwelling-houses. The war devastated the beautiful grounds behind the White House, and the grassy slope to the Potomac has disappeared. Low ranges of buildings shut out its blue waters. Behind the Capitol three or four tram-ways are in active operation, and a dusty highway replaces the green sward; but it is *said* that these evils are temporary. At the Smithsonian nearly half a million of dollars has been crushed into brick and stone instead of going, as its donor intended, to the "increase of knowledge" on the earth. One can never cease to regret that the city was not built on the hill, according to the first proposition. Then the noble colonnades of the Treasury and State Departments, the swelling outlines of the White House, the porticos of the Patent Office, and the pure Greek outlines of the Post-Office, massed behind the Capitol, might have suggested a new Acropolis. As it is, sunk in the old marsh, side by side with magnificent brothels and stately houses of assignation, they have a moral significance which ought to strike home to our hearts. Perhaps I pause to find this fault, because I shrink from any attempt to describe the Capitol, which I have not before seen since its renovation. The daughter of Chief-Justice Chase, who has been two years in Dresden, and who has travelled extensively, says there is not its equal in Europe, and *I* believe her! The audacity, the enterprise and the greed of a free people were necessary to its construction; but unaccustomed to much architectural charm in the work of States or municipalities, its beauties are to me a perpetual surprise! Perhaps its proportions are not quite so beautiful as they were at first. The Dome is too high if we think only of its effect against the azure sky, but it takes courage to say it, so exquisitely do its fretted collonnades break the long low graceful line of the two wings. Within, we find no work of art superior to the old wood carving of Cappellano, but the Committee-rooms are a wonder of appropriate fresco, and along the lobbies, dark even under the gas-light, are panels painted in oil which would be the delight of my life could I only have them in sight. To only one series, detailing the story of Reynard the Fox, I respectfully direct the attention of members. It is possible to cheat the people's hope *once too often!* The decorations of the Capitol are of white marble and the newly-discovered chrystalline marble from Tennessee. One room is panelled in shiny stones, and its beauties are repeated in enormous mirrors at each end. The west staircase in the north wing, wholly of polished white marbles, swinging with its galleries to the height of three stories, is bewildering to mortal sense. Not less beautiful, though less striking, is that in the south wing, similar in form, whose balusters and panels are of the soft gray marble, shiny with chrystals, from Tennessee. The two Houses are large, well-upholstered rooms, in which people hear as badly as other people talk; but the Supreme Court room still holds the rare old columns of Breccia that ornamented the first Houses from the Potomac quarries. I looked in vain for the wooden columns in the old lobbies, with their quaintly-carved capitals, representing Indian corn in the ear, a device original in every sense, and beautifully worked out.

The finest thought and the greatest practical feature in the building is to be found in the arrangements for heating, ventilating and lighting the huge structure. In the Library, to which that of the Smithsonian has been added, I found the original German tracts issued by Luther, bearing his own autograph.

A good many distinguished strangers are in Washington, although the gay season does not begin till after January 1st. Miss Sulivan of Broome House, Fulham, distinguished as a naturalist, I saw for a moment at the Smithsonian. Lady Amberly is at Mr. Pruyn's.

The member from Albany has the credit of *writing* the President's Message, while Mr. Seward is held responsible for its iniquities.

If rumor is to be believed Lady Amberly shocked Mr. Pruyn on her first arrival by stating that she had dined at Lucretia Mott's with a colored man! But of which name will posterity take most loving note, that of Robert Purvis or Senator Pruyn? You and I would have no difficulty in answering the question.

The colored schools are too important to be despatched in a postscript. I want to rouse up some feeling for the city of Baltimore, and shall postpone the subject until after my return to the North. C. H. D.

OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, Italy, Oct. 31, 1867.

BEFORE leaving Baden-Baden to repair hither, I visited the new castle of the Duke of Baden, called new only in order to distinguish it from the very ancient one where his ancestors resided down to the sixteenth century. The present one was built in 1689, after the French army had burned the other. It is remarkable only for its terrible dungeons which I was very anxious to see, having heard most wonderful stories about them. Under the guidance of an old woman, the wife of the guardian, our party was conducted into these vaults down a winding stair. This entrance has been made in modern times; originally the dungeons were only accessible from above, by means of a perpendicular shaft running through the centre of the building, and still in existence. While in the dungeons, I looked up through this shaft, and the daylight at the top appeared no larger than a pocket handkerchief. We were all furnished with lanterns while traversing the vaults, for the darkness can almost be felt, and this little glimpse of daylight was really refreshing. According to tradition, prisoners, bound fast in an arm chair and blindfolded, were let down by a windlass into these dungeons which are excavated out of the solid rock upon which the Castle is built. They are not closed with doors of wood or iron, but with solid blocks of stone, turning upon pivots and tightly fitted. Several of these doors still remain. I noticed one nearly a foot thick and of immense weight. The

a row of rings forming part of the torturing apparatus, still remains fixed in the wall. In a passage adjoining this chamber is a pit in the floor, now boarded over, but once covered with a trap door. A prisoner, after being sentenced to death, was led blindfolded, into this passage, in order that he might kiss an image of the Virgin placed at the opposite end, but no sooner did his feet rest on the trap door than it gave way beneath his weight, and precipitated him to a great depth below upon a machine composed of wheels, armed with swords, knives, lancets and other murderous instruments. The body of the prisoner falling upon this machine, set it revolving and he was thus torn to pieces. This dreadful punishment was called "Baiser de la Vierge" (kiss of the Virgin). The secret of this dungeon and its machine remained unknown until a few years since, when the dog of a gentleman who was visiting the Castle, fell through the planking, and in attempting to rescue him the attendants discovered fragments of ponderous wheels, set round with rusty knives, and portions of bones, rags and torn garments adhering to them. One large room was the Judgment Hall, where sentence was pronounced upon the prisoner. There is a subterranean passage by which the members of the Court went in and out. The stone benches upon which they sat still exist. These prisons were probably the place of meeting of a secret tribunal, over which the lord of the Castle presided. Similar dungeons are found, I believe, in almost all the old castles of Germany. As one looks upon these relics of a barbarous age, the mind is led to thank God that in the march of civilization and humanity, such disgraceful things have passed away forever.

From Baden-Baden we went to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, in the heart of Germany. Munich is a most beautiful city, and is greatly indebted to the ex-King Louis, who has given it the labor of his whole life. New streets, magnificent churches, triumphal arches, rare and valuable works of art, all testify to the indefatigable zeal and perseverance of this accomplished and art-loving king. Through his efforts Munich has advanced with gigantic strides to become one of the most flourishing seats of the Arts and Sciences in Europe. We spent three days in industrious sight-seeing and then had to leave half the wonderful things behind us. Among the churches of Munich which I most admired was the Basilica of St. Boniface. It is one of the noblest creations of King Louis and is built after the model of the Roman Basilicas of the fifth and sixth century. The church itself is built of red brick, the pillars, arches and window frames of white limestone. The interior is really imposing in its simple splendor. It is divided by four rows of marble columns into five compartments. There are sixty-six columns, each twenty-five feet high and all monolithes of grey polished Tyrolese marble, the plinths and capitals of white marble. On the ceiling of the nave are stars of gold on a blue ground, and the beams of the roof are ornamented with gold. The church is filled with rich frescoes and beautiful paintings, which complete its splendor. The picture gallery of Munich, called the "Pinakotheca," is one of the best in Europe and contains some of the finest productions of the old painters of every school. The manufactory of stained glass, is a most interesting place to visit. It was established by King Louis and it has furnished the windows for very many churches in Germany, England and even Russia. The specimens which are shown to visitors are most exquisite and I have seen but few things in the way of modern art which I would rather possess than a specimen of this glass painting. I might write on indefinitely about Munich, which is not however the object of this letter.

From Munich, by railway, to Innsbruck, in Austria. This is a pretty town, beautifully situated in the Tyrol, and almost surrounded by snow mountains.

From Innsbruck, the new railway across the Brenner Pass of the Alps took us to Verona, in Italy. This railway, the first one completed over an Alpine Pass, was commenced by the Austrians while this part of the Tyrol was in their possession, and it is certainly a splendid legacy that they have left to the Italians. The railway was opened in August last, and if properly managed, will prove a most profitable line. Leaving Innsbruck at 8 in the morning, we traversed the Pass by 3 p.m., and arrived at Verona at 9 p.m. An Italian gentleman with whom I conversed in a railway carriage declared, that after Venice, Verona is one of the most beautiful cities of Italy. And I think he did not exaggerate.

The architecture of all the palaces and large buildings is fine, and the city is kept so clean that I could hardly believe it was in Italy. The most noted object to be seen in Verona is an amphitheatre, constructed by the Romans, and yet in an excellent state of preservation. The morning following our arrival in Verona was a fete day, in commemoration of the delivery of the town from the Austrians. Almost every house was galy decorated with flags, and during the day there was a grand military display. So I may say that we saw Verona to the best advantage. From Verona, it was a journey of sixteen hours by rail to Florence, where we arrived on the evening of the 17th. We found the city all excitement about the Roman insurrection, and Garibaldi's son, Menotti, was leaving the city the same evening, to repair to the frontier.

In a former letter, I spoke of three great questions as threatening, sooner or later, to seriously disturb the peace of Europe. One of those questions is the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope and the occupation of Rome, as capital of Italy, or, otherwise, the "Roman Question." As you already know, Garibaldi attempted, some weeks ago, to enter the Pontifical territory, and was arrested by the Italian government.

Before the French troops were withdrawn from Rome, it was made a condition of the withdrawal that the Italian troops should not make any attempt to occupy the Papal territory, and should also prevent, by force of arms, any attempt which might be made upon Rome coming from Italian territory. These and sundry other conditions were embodied in a document called the "September Convention," signed in 1864. But Garibaldi, who belongs to the party of action and has the support of the Italian people, attempted to deliver Rome without delay. He was arrested, shut up in his island home of Caprera, and guarded by men of war. Nevertheless, the insurgents commenced active operations under the lead of Garibaldi's son Menotti, and obtained many successes against the Papal troops. The French government, urged on by the clerical party, became alarmed, and demanded of Victor Emanuel more rigorous measures to arrest the progress of the Garibaldians, declaring that if they were not restrained, another French army would be marched to Rome. The Italian Cabinet, under Ratazzi, considering that the government had done all in its power to stop the insurgents and respect the Convention, naturally felt very indignant at this declaration, and was in favor of despatching an Italian army instantly to Rome before the French could arrive there, and then, if a collision came, risk the consequences. The king, however, to his shame be it said, had not the courage to heed this advice, and, therefore, Ratazzi and his Cabinet resigned. The French, who had collected a fleet at Toulon, and were on the point of embarking for Italy, suspended operations on hearing of this event, and waited for some days to see what would turn up, or, rather, how Victor Emanuel would act. The latter, for the past week, has been trying to form a Cabinet, but not until yesterday was he successful. A Cabinet has been formed under the leadership of the Gen. Menabrea, a man hated by Italians, and who will do any mean act that the king may ask of him. The result is that the government has issued a proclamation calling upon the nation to respect the "September Convention," to discountenance all attempts at insurrection in Rome, and recommending a mixed French-Italian intervention in Roman affairs. Garibaldi is to be asked to join himself to the Italian army as it advances towards Rome to join the French, and if he refuses, then to be treated accordingly.

The proclamation has much incensed the Italians, who regard it as humiliating and shameful to the last degree. In value it is worth nothing, and represents Victor Emanuel in the pitiful position of kneeling to Louis Napoleon, and begging him not to ruin Italy; that if he will only be patient, his demands shall be satisfied.

To this position is Italy reduced to-day through the weakness and cowardice of her king. For Italy to be involved in war with France would be a terrible thing, and could only result in the destruction of the former country, for Italy is a new, inexperienced kingdom, with no money and a small army, while France is a compact, warlike empire, possessing unlimited resources. But if Victor Emanuel had heeded the counsels of his Minister Ratazzi, and, when it was found impossible to check the Garibaldians, had marched an army to Rome and declared it the capital of Italy, to be held against all invaders, Louis Napoleon himself, the creator of Italian liberty, would have been ashamed to intervene, the September Convention to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Meanwhile, Florence is almost under martial law. Troops are stationed in the squares and streets, and all the approaches to the king's palace are strongly guarded, as it is feared that a demonstration may be made against the government.

November 5th. The insurrection is at an end. The French have finally intervened and entered Rome. The Papal troops, relieved from duty in Rome, concentrated, and yesterday surprised and completely defeated the Garibaldians near Tivoli, a few miles from Rome. The Garibaldians made a most heroic resistance, and were only overpowered by force of numbers.

I have just seen a gentleman who was present at the fight, and he describes the gallantry of Garibaldi and his followers as something wonderful. Garibaldi and his son were dragged from the field by their faithful adherents, and are now safe upon Italian soil. The government has again arrested him, and he is confined at Spezia, a five hours journey from Florence. Demonstrations have taken place in almost all the large cities of Italy, and discontent reigns supreme on account of the failure. Thus Italy is foiled once more of her lawful prize. But, like the triumph of freedom in America, success is only retarded. God never permits a just cause to be finally defeated.

Very truly, yours, E. Q. P.

November 8th. Since writing the above, I have the following additional news. When Garibaldi arrived at Spezia (where he is to be under surveillance,) under escort of 200 caribiniers, a vast crowd surrounded his carriage, and taking out the horses, dragged him through the streets to the residence assigned him. The excitement was so intense and the crowd so numerous, that the military did not dare to interfere, and Garibaldi might easily have escaped if he had wished. As regards the feeling in Italy, formidable and very significant demonstrations are continually taking place. In Milan, the evening before last, there was a very serious disturbance. An immense crowd paraded the streets with shouts of "Viva Garibaldi!" "Down with the French!" and some shouts were heard of "*Live the Republic!*" The mob marched to the house of the French Consul, intending to demolish it, but they found the building strongly guarded by regular troops. The National Guard were called out to preserve order, and a conflict ensued; the people using stones, bricks, or whatever came to hand, while the National Guard on their side, made several charges with the bayonet. The result was that several people were dangerously wounded, and much glass broken in the houses of government officials. It is the grandest affair which has happened in Italy, and indicates to what a pitch the national anger has attained through the policy of Victor Emanuel, and the consequent failure of Garibaldi. As to the king, he does not show himself in this city at all, very evidently afraid of the populace. E. Q. P.

North Carolina Correspondence.

LETTER NO. III.

To the Editor of the Standard:

North Carolina, December 3d, 1867.

The election has passed here in North Carolina and its results are known, except in one or two counties. Much to the surprise of all parties, the Convention will be most overwhelmingly Radical, at least 100 out of the 120 delegates being so "taken and accepted." It was expected that the State would go in favor of the Convention, and that a majority of the delegates would be Radical, but no one had any idea of such result as this. Like Grant, at Mission Ridge, no one was more surprised at the results of the movement than those who had organized it. This success is peculiarly exasperating to the old aristocracy, who had ranged themselves under the leadof ex-Gov. Graham and others, to throw the power of "Southern gentlemanliness" and "respectability" against the Radicals. They found that the old rallying cries had lost their potency. "Chivalry" seems to have pretty much "fagged out" during the rebellion. It was found impossible to convince a man who "roughed it" in the bush a year or two to avoid conscription and whose wife was tied up by the thumbs, or otherwise maltreated to make her disclose his hiding-place, it was found impossible to make these men believe that the men who caused these atrocities were the men to build up the new State, or that the principles of rebellion should be its corner-stones. It was equally difficult to make the majority of the colored people believe that the men who have howled the loudest over emancipation and expatiated most thoroughly on its injustice; who have most persistently denounced the Bureau, as an instrument of oppression, tyranny, and who less than a year ago most vehemently opposed the enfranchisement of colored men, or even the giving to them the right to testify in courts of justice. I say it is equally impossible to teach colored men that such are their most loving and trustworthy friends to-day. They are genuine "Thomas disciples." Demonstration has no effect upon them. Sensation fails to convince. They are given over to unbelief.

The effect of the election upon public thought is wonderful. Many a tongue has been unloosed which would have remained silent for another decade, perhaps forever, had the result been other than it was. Very many have been emancipated by it. This moral effect is the great thing in our Southern elections now. If the people can be taught to thoroughly respect themselves and their own rights, we are safe. If not, we are lost. Those are the stakes we play for in the reconstruction game. The odds are all against us, but we play on hopefully, and He who rules the storm determines the result.

Our enemies are getting desperate. Initiatory steps are being taken to organize the Conservative party in North Carolina. I wish I had the names of the "State Central Executive Committee," as published in the *Sentinel*, to send you. It is certainly curious to see what an imposing array of ex-Confederate politicians, stay-at-home warriors, and sore-headed, battered aristocrats there are in this costive old commonwealth. Ex-Gov. Graham heads the list, a genuine dyed-in-the-wool aristocrat, and the valorous ex-Confederate M. C. J. R. McLean, who fled in patriotic disgust from his first field of battle. Alas! it was the Confederacy's last renowned Pocotaligo, shouting

"Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night!"

This hero brings up the rear! Between them, oh ye gods! what a crowd of snivelling respectability! What a host "who think they're pious when they're only bilious." Together they are as nauseating a set as ever made a body politic sick at the stomach. The sloughings of many a party and the *debris* of many a tidal wave of old fogyism. Thank God they are all together. Their opposition is all that is necessary to ratify our Constitution and elect our Radical members. Let our Northern friends forget not to pray for our enemies.

The Presidential nominating fever does not rage in these late rebel States very badly, and yet nothing is surer than that these are the States which must elect the President in 1868. The Republican party dare not risk a Presidential election without the Southern Radical vote, and it would get "snowed under" if it did. It makes no difference who their candidate may be—he cannot be elected without help from "Africa." They may talk of "feasible men," "moderate" men, "military men," and all that; but it is all pure "bosh." All the military genius and all the legal acquirements, all the war prestige, and all the experience in legislation of the country, and the power of holding his tongue, and all the capacity for wagging it, may be stuffed into a man, and all the epaulettes and silk robes in Christendom put on him, yet he cannot be elected by the Republican party without these States and their Republican majorities. And for this reason, if for no other, that Bayard of our war, Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard, will be the candidate of the Republican party, and our next President. He combines all the elements necessary to ensure success, and has none of the drawbacks which accompany them in others. A brave and successful officer, an earnest Christian, a thorough Radical, and by means of his association with the Bureau, better prepared to grapple with the probable developments of the next Presidential term than any other man in the nation. No man would receive such an enthusiastic support at the North West, where his straight-forward integrity and large-hearted humanity have allied him to almost every household, while at the North his supporters would be an overwhelming majority. It is objected—and it is the only objection urged by any one—that his position as Commissioner of the Bureau would make him unpopular with certain classes at the South, and that he would be denounced as a "*nigger candidate!*" Taken as assertions, these statements are undoubtedly true. There are very many men at the South who would not vote for Gen. Howard or any other Republican candidate, and in my humble opinion it is about time we stopped nominating men for other parties. The Republican Presidential nominee will not get ten votes in the whole South outside the Republican party, and Gen. Howard is the only man who can command the strength of the party. It is useless to think of giving him the second place on the ticket. He merits the first and must have it.

Mr. Chase has the confidence of the sound heads of the Republican party in perhaps an equal degree, but the people do not care so much for him. The Republican voters of the South don't know him, and it would require an immense amount of electioneering thunder to bring out a full vote on him. Besides that he is now Chief-Justice, and the American people will never elect a man who holds that position to the Presidency. The people have an innate distrust of an office-seeker, and will administer a sharp rebuke to the head, either of our judiciary or military organization should they attempt to ride ermine or epaulettes in the presidential race.

Gen. Grant seems to be regarded here, as elsewhere, as something better than Chase in personal popularity, and yet not exactly what is needed for the occasion. He has no enthusiastic friends nor specially bitter enemies here. He is simply considered more *available* than Chase. The stand-bys of the Republican party would accept him if nominated. The rank and file would give a sleepy acquiescence, and a moderate vote would be polled for him.

But I am wearying you with speculations. Let me present one idea for your consideration. The journalists who represent the aristocrats and head the brevet-rebellion of to-day are never tired of denouncing the Radicals as "the party of threats and violence." When Virginia went Radical, the Copperhead press teemed for weeks with "election riots," "nigger atrocities," etc. Of course they were more than three-fourths of them rebel lies, got up for the occasion, though it would be remarkable if some truth were not found in the putrid mass. While our election was pending, we were referred to these as the inevitable results of "nigger" rule. Well, our election is over, and even the malevolence of Copperheads can find no room for complaint. And now let me add one item of testimony. Your correspondent has probably attended more Radical meetings in North Carolina, during the past two years, than any other man in the State, unless it be James H. Harris of Raleigh. In his journeyings, up and down, and to and fro, he has heard a great deal of this matter of *violence*, and *not a few threats*, but he has never yet, in public or private, heard a single threat made against the person or property of another by a Republican. Upon the other hand, it is mere every day talk to hear men say to colored laborers, "We intend to turn you off and starve you out, if you vote for Radicals!" "You will not live to see another election day if you vote for these Radical adventurers! You will all be killed off!" In some counties it was openly proclaimed on the stump that "the election of Radical candidates would result in a war of races more terrible than San Domingo ever knew." No, sir, the party of "threats and violence," and the only such party at the South, is the infamous, sacrilegious "white man's party," whose devotees are maddened because the altars of its moloch, slavery, smoke no longer with the blood of victims. Their only arguments are threats. Their only hope of success lies in arousing the cowardly fears of the masses, and appealing to their basest passions and most unmanly prejudices. They are daily growing more despicable.

Winegar.

GEN. GRANT'S PLATFORM.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Gen. Grant having at last *defined his position*, and, strange to say even *keen-eyed* politicians having overlooked the same, I respectfully call the attention of the public to it through the medium of the Anti-Slavery Standard. In Gen. Grant's testimony before the Congressional Committee, as reported in the New York *Times*, under the head of "North Carolina Proclamation," Gen. Grant says, "*I was not in favor of or opposed to anything in particular.*" Such is the platform of a Republican candidate for President. Is it not enough to "stir a fever in the blood of age?" I am sure you will agree with me that the "spirit-stirring drum or ear-piercing fife" is as *nothing* to such a *bold* declaration of principles. Truly "it is glory enough for one day." Geo. W. Simonds.

Boston, Dec. 6, 1867.

At a recent meeting of the Freedom Club of Worcester, Mass., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, that the Freedom Club of Worcester, speaking in the present emergency for the State that has had for its Governor, in the years that tried men's souls, the lamented John A. Andrew, and for a city that has already put five-hundred names of its citizens on petitions for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, hereby calls upon the House of Representatives to do its duty by the adoption of the resolution of impeachment recommended in the majority report of its Judiciary Committee.

Resolved, that we deem it a high honor to Massachusetts to have had that report presented by one of its own most able representatives, the Hon. George S. Boutwell. And we admonish those members who are in danger of faltering before the opposition which they are sure to meet in Washington, and before the temptations to swerve from duty by which they will be assailed, through motives addressed to expediency and fear, that in failing to go on the record in favor of impeachment and the nation's honor and safety thereby, the verdict against them, alike by their on-looking constituents and by history, will be, WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN NEW JERSEY.

The Newark (N. J.) *Courier* gives the following account of the State Woman's Rights Convention recently held in New Jersey:

In accordance with the call previously published, the friends of Universal Suffrage met in Plum Hall, Vineland, on Friday and Saturday last. There was a numerous attendance of citizens of the place, including the ministers of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Unitarian societies, and representatives from many parts of the State, including Newark, Elizabeth, Millville, Bridgeton, Florence Hights, Blue Anchor, Woodbury, Hammonton, etc. Distinguished strangers from other States were present, and, by invitation, participated in the proceedings; among others, James and Lucretia Mott, of Pa., and Hon. Robert Dale Owen, of Iowa. The proceedings were exceedingly animated and interesting. By unanimous consent, it was resolved to organize specially for the extension of suffrage to the women of the State, and a New Jersey State Woman Suffrage Association was at once formed. A full list of officers for the coming year was chosen. Lucy Stone, of Newark, was made President, and John Gage, of Vineland, Chairman of the Executive Committee. The association already numbers nearly one thousand members. The following platform was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, In the election of delegates to the Convention which framed the present constitution of New Jersey, about one-half of the legal voters of the State were unconstitutionally excluded from voting, and whereas the same constitution was submitted to about one-half only of the legal voters of the State, and has thus failed to receive a legal majority of votes, and whereas, previous to the date of the adoption of the present constitution, women were legally entitled to vote in the State; now therefore be it

Resolved, That woman's right to vote in New Jersey has never been legally cancelled.

Whereas, "All political power inheres in the people," of whom women constitute a part; and whereas, "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," of whom women constitude a part; and whereas, "taxation without representation is tyranny," and women are taxed as well as men; therefore,

Resolved, That the one hundred and thirty-four thousand women of New Jersey are rightfully entitled to vote.

Resolved, That so long as the present government of the State excluded one-half of its citizens from all political power on account of sex, it is anti-republican in form and anti-democratic in fact.

Resolved, that we hereby organize a New Jersey State Woman Suffrage Association, to membership in which all adult citizens of the State shall be eligible, and of which the object shall be to use all honorable means to secure to women the same political rights which are now enjoyed by white men.

Several hundred dollars were raised in subscriptions and pledges. Letters were read from Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware, also from Col. Alexander, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who states that the friends of women, having received nearly one-third of the entire vote, now hold the balance of the political power in that State.

Among other items of political interest, it was announced that the friends of woman suffrage in Vineland, numbering over four hundred voters, had addressed letters of inquiry to the respective candidates for legislature and county offices, as to their views on women suffrage. Messrs. Nixon and Compton, having pledged themselves in its favor, were thereby elected, while their competitors who declined to answer were allowed to remain in private life.

It was voted to publish thirty thousand copies of an address to the women of the State—also a synopsis of the present unjust and cruel property laws of New Jersey affecting wives, mothers, and widows; also to employ efficient lecturers to canvass the State and create auxiliary societies in every county.

The Convention was addressed by Lucy Stone, Robert Dale Owen, Lucretia Mott, Henry B. Blackwell, John Orvis, and other eminent speakers, and adjourned at a late hour of Saturday night, subject to the call of the Executive Commitee.

LITERARY.

Three English Statesmen—Pym, Cromwell, Pitt. A course of lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The lectures which compose this volume furnish an interesting epitome of English history for the period to which they relate. They are admirably written, and in the present condition of affairs in Great Britain will be read with special interest, not alone by Englishmen but by many on this side of the Atlantic. The characters of each are outlined with a severe impartiality, their respective careers are carefully and critically reviewed. The key note of the tone which pervades the lectures is given in the opening paragraph of the lecture on Pym, wherein Mr. Smith, referring to the causes of revolutions, says: "But the chiefest authors of revolutions have been not the chimerical and intemperate friends of progress, but the blind obstructers of progress; those who, in defiance of nature, struggle to avert the inevitable future, to recall the irrevocable past; who chafe to fury by damming up its course, the river which would otherwise flow calmly between its banks, which has ever flowed, and which, do what they will, must flow forever." England is not alone in furnishing illustrations of the truth embodied in the sentences we have quoted. It is of universal application. Our river of progress in this country has been and continues to be chafed to fury by those who vainly seek to dam up its course by "conservatism" which ignores justice and the claim of equal human rights. "If a revolution ever was redeemed by its grandeur," says Mr. Smith, "it was the revolution which was opened by Pym, which was closed by Cromwell, of which Milton was the apostle and poet. The material forces have been seen in action on a more imposing scale, the moral forces never. Why is that regard for principle which was so strong among us then, comparatively so weak among us now? The greatest member of Parliament that ever lived, the greatest master of the convictions and the feelings of the House of Commons, was not Robert Peel, but John Pym."

The lecture upon Cromwell treats mainly of the Protectorate, being chiefly confined to that part of his life. He is spoken of as having "an unmusical voice, his utterance almost choked by the vehemence of his emotion. On him God had not bestowed the gift of soul-enthralling words; his eloquence was the thunder of victory." "Victory went with him where he fought when she had deserted the standards of all the other chiefs of his party." Cromwell's fashion was "not to manœuvre, but to train his men well, march straight to his enemy, and fight a decisive battle." He was a tender husband and father, thoroughly honest, a religious enthusiast. "He was one of a brave and humane people." But "the impulse which lent vigor and splendor to his government came from a great movement, not from a single man. The Protectorate with its glories was not the conception of a lonely intellect, but the revolutionary energy of a mighty nation concentrated in a single chief."

Two lectures are devoted to Pitt. He is presented in two characters strongly contrasting with each other. It is as some one will write of Seward (if he be written of at all) by and by in connection with American politics. "During the first part of his life," says Mr. Smith, "Pitt is to be classed with the philosophic and reforming kings and ministers before the Revolution, whose names ought not to be forgotten, though the Jacobins chose to call the year of their frenzy the year One; with Joseph II, with Pombal, Aranda, and Choiseul, the overthrowers of Jesuitism, with Tanucci, with Leopold of Tuscany, with Turgot, with Frederic of Russia, and with Catharine of Russia, so far as Catharine and Frederic were organs of philosophy and reform. During the second part, he tends, though he does not actually sink to the level of the Metternichs, the Polignacs, the Percevals, and the Eldons." There are throughout the lectures frequent friendly allusions to this country. The author's desire for real Democracy in his own country is manifest.

From the hands of the publishers we have just received the initial number of *Putnam's Monthly*, a revival of a magazine once regarded as the best produced in the country. Since the day it was a welcome visitant in thousands of cultivated homes, many candidates for favor have arisen to fill an honorable place in public esteem, but at sight of the veritable green cover, of old and familiar names upon the title page, we doubt not many eyes will be gladdened that have never ceased to regret a lost favorite. Among the contributors are George W. Curtis, William Allen Butler, W. D. O'Conner, H. T. Tuckerman and others. Mr. Charles F. Briggs again resumes the editorship, with George P. Putnam & Son as publishers, and most cordially do we wish them the success richly deserved.

We have received, and at an early date intend to notice at greater length, "Waiting For the Verdict," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, author of "Life in the Iron Mills," "Margaret Howth," etc. "Waiting For the Verdict" first appeared in the *Galaxy*, and is now published in book form, with illustrations, by Sheldon Blakeman & Co., of this city. It is a work in which Abolitionists will find special interest. It is written with the noble purpose of exposing and removing the cruel, unjust prejudice against men and women on account of color. The fearful extent of this prejudice North and South is skilfully exhibited, and the appeal for its overthrow is powerful and effective. We hail the appearance of this book as a welcome ally in our own work, and we thank the author for thus dedicating her pen, with rare moral courage and clear insight to a still unpopular and imperilled cause. We warmly commend "Waiting For the Verdict" to the early attention of our readers, and shall take occasion to refer to it again.

Snow Bound, A Winter Idyl. John Greenleaf Whittier. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The present holiday edition of Snow Bound is one of the most complete and elegant specimens of book-making ever issued by American publishers. A vignette portrait of the author drawn, by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, and engraved by Mr. John Andrew, is given upon the title page. The illustrations are drawn by Mr. Harry Fenn, from sketches made from the scene of the poem. The engraving has been done under the supervision of Messrs. A. V. S. Anthony and W. J. Linton. The faultless printing is by the University press of Welch & Bigelow of Cambridge. The engravings are the finest specimens of the art. We know of no choicer volume among the books of the season for a holiday gift.

RECEIVED.

The Huguenots, by Samuel Smiles, 448 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Evidences of Christianity in the 19th Century. By Albert Barnes. 451 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Layman's Breviary, or Meditations for every day in the year. From the German of Leopold Schefer. By C. T. Brooks. 452 pages. Boston: Roberts Brothers. New York: O. S. Felt.

My Prisons; Memoirs of Silvio Pellico. 307 pages. Boston: Roberts Brothers. New York: O. S. Felt.

Climbing the Rope. By May Mannering. 224 pages. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.

Alexis, The Runaway; or Afloat in the world. By Rosa Abbott Parker. 217 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Fairy Bells and What they Tolled us; Translated from the German. By S. W. Lander. Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs for 1868. Edited by John J. Thomas. 228 pages. Albany: Luther Tucker & Son.

Doty Dimple at her Grandmother's. By Sophie May. 190 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Waterdale Neighbors. A novel. By the author of "Paul Massie." 130 pages, in paper. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mabel's Progress. A Novel. By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." 168 pages, in paper. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Atlantic Almanac for 1868. Edited by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell. 76 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Friend, for December. Edited by Alice Loines Bunker. New York: The Friend Association, 131 William Street.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine for January, 1868. New series. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway.

Littell's Living Age. Edited by E. Littell. Boston: Littell & Gay.

ART ITEMS.

The Artists of Dodworth's Studio Building, 212 Fifth Avenue, commenced their Saturday afternoon receptions, to be given monthly the present season, on Saturday afternoon last. They were visited by a large number of our citizens. The next reception will occur on Saturday, January 4.

Mr. J. H. Dolph, an artist of real power, has on exhibition at the Leeds Art Galleries, 817 and 819 Broadway, a collection of pictures preparatory to their sale on the 12th and 13th inst. From a personal examination of the pictures offered, we are enabled to say that they are not unworthy of a place in our best galleries, and are eminently deserving of the attention of the lovers of art. Mr. Dolph has also enriched his collection with specimens from the easels of some of our best known artists, among whom may be mentioned Gray, Durrand, Hart, Casilear and others equally celebrated. It affords us pleasure to note among the really meritorious, the works of Mr. R. M. Pratt, an artist steadily and deservedly gaining in reputation, and who is also an uncompromising true-hearted friend of freedom.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard

FOR 1868.

PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6.); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Donations at the November Meetings.

Debora Merrott	$5 00
Joshua Hooper and Wife.	5 00
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Thomas Garrett	7 00
Debora S. Coates	5 00
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James A. Wright	50 00
Children at Mary Beans's School	2 00
Henry Bowman	3 00
Sundry donations for which no names given,	52 00
Total	$354 50

If any have paid me money for The Standard and do not get it, or contributed money not acknowledged, if they will let me know I will have it righted. I say so for fear I have made a mistake of a few dollars.

E. M. Davis.

Philadelphia, 11th mo., 23d, 1867.

Special Notices.

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The New York Medical College for Women will begin their Fifth Annual Term, of 20 weeks, at the College, in 12th Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M. D., 361 West 34th Street, N. Y., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, care of Fowler and Wells, N. Y.

The Standard in New Orleans.—The Standard may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. Simon, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

The office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from No. 5 South Fifth street, to the old stand, No. 107 North Fifth street, where it was formerly located for upwards of years. Specimen numbers of the Anti-Slavery Standard furnished and new subscriptions received as above.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Corresponding Secretary.

Mr. Richard Mason, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for The Standard in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

Advertisements.

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"The day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come."—*Isaiah lxiii.*

OLD John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the dust;
Old John Brown's rifle's red with blood stains turned to rust;
Old John Brown's pike has made its last unflinching thrust;
His soul is marching on!

John Brown was John the Baptist, who showed the coming Lord,
A hero true and tender as ever wore a sword,
And in the noble army of Martyrs to the Word
His soul is marching on!

The car of fire descrying beyond the prison-gloom,
Of all that crowd the calmest, he marched to meet his doom;
The Church, the Bride, no gladder shall go to meet the Groom.
His soul is marching on!

For treason hung because he struck at treason's root.
When soon palmetto-tree had ripened treason's fruit,
His dust disquieted, stirred at Sumter's last salute;
His soul is marching on!

Who rides before that white-robed army in the air?
The lightnings till the heaven as he his sword makes bare—
His vestments rolled in blood the avenging Lord declare.
His soul is marching on!

"Thou soul the altar under, for palm of martyrdom!
Thy cry, 'how long, O Lord?' no longer finds me dumb;
Come forth!" calls Christ, "the year of my redeemed is come."
His soul is marching on!

"And ye, on earth my army! tread down God's grapes, till blood
Unto the horses' bridles hath out his wine-press flowed!
The day of vengeance dawns—the day of wrath of God."
His soul is marching on!

His sacrifice we slay! our sword shall victory crown!
For God and Country strike the fiend Rebellion down!
For Freedom and the Right, remember old John Brown!
His soul is marching on!

January 1, 1863. L. H.

HOW MR. BEECHER EARNED HIS FIRST TEN DOLLARS.

From the New York Ledger.

MY DEAR MR. BONNER: It is true that Horace Greeley has more things to remember and tell us about than most men who have staid at home and led a civil life. But is that a reason why he only should write an autobiography? Nay—verily.

There stands before me a line of battered and worn books—English classics. Their history is little to them, but much to me. In part, it is my own history. I wish I could lay my hand on the first book I ever bought, after the dim idea of a library began to hover in my mind! But that book is gone. Here, however, are others whose biography I can give. As early as 1832, I began to buy books—a few volumes—but each one a monument of engineering. My first books, if I remember correctly, were bought of J. S. & C. Adams, in Amherst, Mass. I used to go there and look wistfully at their shelves. My allowance of money was very small, scarcely more than enough to pay my postage, when a letter cost 12½ or 25 cents. To take a two or three dollar book from my five dollars spending money would have left me in a state of sad impecuniosity. Therefore, for many, many months, I took it out in looking.

As early as sixteen years of age, I had begun to speak a little in public—faint peepings, just such I hear in young birds before they are fully fledged. For such service the only payment was a kind of patience till I relieved them by finishing my crude efforts. But at that time, say 1833, I was sent by the college society as delegate to a Temperance Convention, in Pelham, or Enfield, or somewhere else. I conceived a desire thereafter to give a Temperance lecture. I have forgotten how I ever got a chance to do it. But I remember that there came an invitation from Brattleboro', Vt., to lecture on the 4th of July. My expenses were to be paid! A modest pride warmed my heart, at the thought of making a real speech in public. I smothered all the fears and differences, with the resolute purpose that I would succeed! I remember the days of writing and anxious preparation, and the grand sense of being a man, when I had finished my manuscript! But the most generous purposes are apt to be ruined with selfishness; and my public spirit, alas! had a financial streak of joy in it—my expenses were to be paid!

Well, suppose I chose to walk, and save all the expenses? I should have, at least, eight dollars of my own, of which I need give no account! That would be an era indeed. But grave scruples arose. Was it honest to take money for expenses which I had not really incurred? If I went by stage I might lawfully charge my fare and food; but if neither of them cost me anything, how could I honestly make a bill of expenses? I did not get any relief in reflecting upon it. I started off on foot, went up the Connecticut river valley and reached Brattleboro' by way of Greenfield.

Every hour this question of honesty returned. My feet blistered with walking, but I stamped on them hard in the morning, and the momentary exquisite pain seemed to paralyze the sensibility afterwards. Whether it was the counter irritation that relieved my brain, or whether—as I fear that I did—I smothered conscience by saying to myself that I would settle the matter when the time came, I do not know. But I was relieved from even that struggle, inasmuch as not a word was said to me about expenses, or money in any form. Yet, I had a charming visit. The rising of the moon from behind the mountain that hedges in the town on the east powerfully excited my imagination, and led to the writing of the first piece, I believe, that I ever printed. It was published in the *Guest*, a college paper, issued chiefly as a rival to another college paper, whose name (alas!) has escaped me. And if anybody could send me a volume of that *Guest* I should be exceedingly beholden to him.

But, after reaching college again—no longer a mere student, but a public man, one who had made speeches, one who determined to be modest, and not to allow success to puff him up—a very great and wonderful thing happened: the post brought me a letter from Brattleboro' containing ten dollars. I could not believe my eyes. I forgot my scruples. Providence had put it to me in such a way that I got my conscience over on the other side, and felt that it would be a sin and shame for me to be raising questions and scruples on such a matter! But oh, that bill! How it warmed me and invigorated me! I looked at it before going to sleep; I examined my pocket the next morning early, to be sure that I had not dreamed it. How I pitied the poor students, who had not, I well knew, ten dollars in their pockets. Still, I tried to keep down pride in its offensive forms. I would not be lifted up. I would not strive to be even more familiar than before with the plainest of my acquaintances. "What is money?" said I to myself. "It is not property that makes the man; it is——" Well, perhaps I thought it was the ability to deliver eloquent temperance addresses. But, great is the deceitfulness of money. I felt the pride of riches. I knew every waking moment that I had money. I was purse-proud.

I resolved to invest. There was but one thing to invest in—books. I went to Adams' store; I saw an edition of Burke's works. With the ease and air of a rich man I bought and paid for them. Adams looked at me, and then at the bill, and then at me. I never could make up my mind whether it was admiration or suspicion that his face expressed. But I wanted him, and panted to have him ask me, "Where did you get all of this ten dollar bill?"

However, I concluded that the expression was one of genuine admiration. With my books under my arm (I never to this day could get over the disposition to carry home my own packages), I returned to college, and laid on my table my volumes of Burke! I tried to hide from myself that I had a vain purpose in it, that I was waiting to see Bannister's surprise and to hear Howard's exclamation, and to have it whispered in the class room, "I say—have you heard that Beecher has got a *splendid* volume of Burke?"

After this I was a man that owned a library! I became conservative and frugal. Before, I had spent at least a dollar and a half a year for nicknacks; but after I had founded a library I reformed all such wastes, and every penny I could raise, or save, I compelled to transform itself into books!

As I look back on the influence of this struggle for books, I cannot deny that it has been salutary. I do not believe that I spent ten dollars in all my college course for horses or amusements of any kind. But at my graduation I owned about fifty volumes. The getting of these volumes was not the least important element of my college education. There are two kinds of property which tends to moralize life. What they are I will tell you some other time, if you will coax me.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE MYSTERY OF EDITING.

THE world at large do not understand the mysteries of a newspaper; and, as in a watch, the hands that are seen are but the passive instruments of the spring, which is never seen; so, in a newspaper, the most worthy causes of its prosperity are often least observed or known. Who suspects the benefit which the paper derives from the enterprise, the vigilance and the watchful fidelity of the publisher? Who pauses to think how much of the pleasure of reading is derived from the skill and care of the printer? We feel the blemishes of printing, if they exist, but seldom observe the excellencies.

We eat a hearty dinner, but do not think of the farmer that raised the materials thereof, or the cook that prepared them with infinite pains and skill. But a cook of vegetables, meat, pastries and infinite *bonbons* has a paradisaical office in comparison with an editor! Before him pass in review all the exchange newspapers. He is to know all their contents, to mark for other eyes the matters that require attention. His scissors are to be alert, and clip with incessant industry all the little items that together form so large an interest in the news department. He passes in review each week every State in the Union, through the newspaper lens. He looks across the ocean and sees strange lands, and following the sun, he searches all round the world for material. It will require but one second's time for the readers to take in what two hours' search produced. By him are read the manuscripts that swarm the office like flies in July. It is his frown that dooms them. It is his hand that condenses a whole page into a line. It is his sternness that restricts sentimental obituaries, that gives young poets a twig on which to sit and sing their first lays.

And the power behind the throne, in newspapers as in higher places, is sometimes as important as the throne itself. Correspondents, occasional or regular, stand in awe at that silent power which has the last chance at an article, and may send it forth in glory or humility. And in short, as the body depends upon a good digestion, so the health of a paper depends upon that vigorous digestion which goes on by means of the editor.

Ought they not to be honored? And since little fame attends them, they should at least have their creature comforts multiplied. From that dark and dismal den in which they have so long had purgatorial residence, they are at length translated!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

NOTHING LOST.

NOTHING is lost: the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perhaps to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.
So with our deeds good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay.
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless away!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

CLOPPET'S TRIBUTE.

THE following ingenuous lines are the tribute of Madame Swetchine's valet, who was in her service for thirty years:

I should have liked, monsieur, if my health had not been so bad, to furnish you with some notes on the last years of her whom I had the honor to serve. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced the dear lady shortened her life by her desire to serve her kind in all ranks of life, and by making herself the slave of all. Here is a proof of it:

One morning, when I was serving her breakfast, after her return from mass, she said to me, "I am in a great hurry. I have a great deal of writing to do, and am very much behindhand. I shall close my door to everybody without exception. I beg," she repeated, "that you will admit no one." But, when she rose from the table, she added, with a smile, "However, if anybody comes who absolutely needs to speak to me, and especially if there are any poor people who have come from a distance and have no time to call again, you must announce them." A moment after she entered the drawing-room, she came back to say, "I had quite forgotten to say that Mme. such-a-one wanted to see me alone." Half an hour later came two or three letters soliciting private interviews; then a person from the country, who stopped as she passed, and begged to see her just one minute; but the minute lasted till some one else came. Then, at three or four o'clock, her doors were opened to everybody, and they came in crowds to stay till seven. I saw her seat herself at table, worn out with the fatigues of the day; and people were even then coming to speak with her before her *soirees* commenced. She used often to rise from the table before she had finished her dinner. This would last from six o'clock in the morning till an hour, and sometimes two hours, after midnight. To be sure, she lived in the midst of friends who loved and admired her; but they never could see that her strength was wearing out, especially in the last five or six years. Ah, monsieur, everybody was delighted to see and hear her; but I do not think any one can deny that her conversation was charming. She had a talent which very few people possess—a different language for every class she met. She knew so well how to console the poor in their misery—the sick in their domestic trials; to raise the spirits of the sorrowing; and sustain mothers who came to ask advice about their children. Those who went to her for comfort I used to see come out from her presence with pence in their faces.

If these few lines, monsieur, can be of any service to you, I shall be most happy to have given proof of all my gratitude to my benefactress, so deeply regretted by me and mine.—*Life of Madame Swetchine.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Life is to be forfeited by many friendships. To love and be loved is the greatest happiness in existence. If I lived under the burning sun of the equator it would be a pleasure to me to think that there were human beings on the other side of the world who regarded and respected me; I could not, and would not, live if I were alone upon the earth, and cut off from the remembrance of my fellow-creatures.

It is not that a man has occasion to fall back upon the kindness of his friends. Perhaps he may never experience the necessity of so doing; but we are governed by our imaginations, and they stand there as a solid bulwark against all the evils of life. Friendships should be formed with persons of all ages and conditions, and with both sexes. I have a friend who is a bookseller, to whom I have been very civil, and who would do anything to serve me; and I have two or three small friendships among persons in much humbler walks of life, who, I verily believe, would do me a considerable kindness according to their means. I am for a frank explanation with friends in cases of affronts. They sometimes save a perishing friendship, and even place it upon a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontent must always end badly.—*Sidney Smith.*

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.—A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that man enters, in every action he attempts, he is ganged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

GARIBALDI.

CRUSHED by the French assassin's mailed hand
And thine own Monarch's treachery and fear
Crushed, but not Conquered—yet dost thou command,
Great Garibaldi! from thy prison drear,
Italia's holy cause, now doubly dear
By sacrificial blood of thy brave band:
And still, although by bolts and bars confined,
Thy *Spirit*, free as is the chainless wind,
All barriers spurns and marches through the land,
More potent now than when thy presence led
The battle where Italia's patriots bled;
For, rallying to the cause, the people come,
Muttering displeasure with her coward king,
And on Napoleon direst curses fling,
Still ringing loud the watchword, "DEATH OR ROME!"

DAVID PLUMB.

—[Evening Post.]

A PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL.

BELONGING properly to the "Winthrop Papers," but printed in an earlier volume, is a letter of John Maidstone, which contains the best summary of the Civil War that we ever read. Indeed, it gives a clearer insight into its causes, and a better view of the vicissitudes of the Commonwealth and Protectorate than any of the more elaborate histories. There is a singular equity and absence of party passion in it, which gives us faith in the author's judgment. He was Oliver's Steward of the Household, and his portrait of him, as that of an eminently fair-minded man who knew him well, is of great value. Carlyle has not copied it, and as many of our readers may have seen it, we reproduce it here: "Before I pass further, pardon me in troubling you with the character of his person, which, by reason of my nearness to him, I had opportunity well to observe. His body was well compact and strong; his stature under six feet (I believe about two inches); his head so shaped as you might see in it a storehouse and shop, both of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; but the flame of it kept down for the most part, or soon allayed with those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure; though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to himself, of which there was a large proportion; yet did he exceed in tenderness toward sufferers.

"A larger soul, I think, has seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was. I do believe, if history were impartially transmitted, and the unprejudiced world well possessed with it, she would add him to her nine worthies, and make that number a *decemviri*. He lived and died in comfortable communion with God, as judicious persons near him observed. He was that Mordecai that sought the welfare of his people, and spake peace to his seed. Yet were his temptations such, as it appeared frequently that he that hath grace enough for many men may have too little for himself, the treasure he had being but in an earthern vessel, and that equally defiled with original sin as any other man's nature is." There are phrases here that may be matched with the choicest in the life of Agricola; and, indeed, the whole letter, superior to Tacitus in judicial fairness of tone, goes abreast of his best writing in condensation, nay, surpasses it in this, that, while in Tacitus the intensity is of temper, here it is the clear residuum left by the ferment and settling of thought.—*North American Review for October.*

THE METEORIC SHOWER.

OBSERVATION has again confirmed the predictions of science. Astronomers foretold the appearance of a great meteoric shower that should be visible in the United States on the morning of Thursday last. Thousands of eyes in all parts of the country have attested the fulfilment of this prediction. The time of the appearance of this phenomena last November was then foretold within twelve hours of the actual moment by observation. This year the sublime spectacle appeared, in all its fulness, within two hours of the time named by astronomers for its appearance. Such has been the progress of knowledge on this subject in a single year. This beautiful phenomenon will not be witnessed again during the present century. It will occur again in 1900.

The profound mystery in which they have so long been involved begins to be removed. It is now conclusively settled that they are bodies of cosmical origin, extraneous to the earth, and moved round the sun in orbits of elliptical form, thereby resembling the comets. Thousands of these orbits are groped together, side by side, and the meteors moving in them resemble a vast swarm of golden bees, sweeping through space in definite orbits. This group of meteor-orbits crosses the path of the earth once at a point where the earth is on the morning of November 14. Our planet sweeps along past this point with a velocity of more than one thousand miles in a minute, and every meteor in its way is caught in the atmosphere and burnt up. This prodigious stream of meteors, which the earth encountered one year ago, had not all succeeded in crossing the path of the earth when it came round on Thursday morning last. Imagination shrinks from contemplation of the numbers composing this vast swarm. Consider, for a moment, a swarm of meteors, each flying along at the rate of more than one thousand miles in a minute, one whole year in passing a given point!

This vast swarm is more than thirty-three years journeying round the sun back to this point where they meet the earth. In their flight they are accompanied by a single comet. Tempel's comet moves round the sun in the same direction, in the same time, and in a path which lies in the centre of this group of meteor-orbits. The same thing happens with the August meteors. Tuttle's comet flies along the same pathway of these meteors—the tears of St. Lawrence. This coincidence of pathway, direction of motion, and periodic time—of comets and meteors—is a recent discovery, and one that has excited the liveliest interest among astronomers. It may be a key which shall yet unlock the mysterious character of comets and expose these wanderers, which have hitherto defied all attempts at penetration.

To Prof. Newton of Yale College is mainly due the credit of having brought out of chaos the facts respecting these meteors, and having digested and systematized them, discovered and demonstrated their periodicity. Our American Newton has achieved a high position among men of science by his labors in this department of astronomy.

LITERARY WASTE.

THERE are two ways of using up all one's material—one, by throwing it into foot notes, in rude and fragmentary lumps; the other, by strenuous condensation and discreet infusion into the text, or into some other work than that for which the material was first accumulated. It is not too much to say that no good book was ever written for which the author had not collected matter enough to inspire at least twelve good books. The saturation of the mind with ideas, and of the ideas with color and matter, being the object of literature, accurate and broad generalization is the chief aim of the thinker who understands his business; and he must look upon every bit of his knowledge of fact and circumstance and date as wasted until it has been placed either finally, or more often provisionally, under the head of some general idea. The acquisition of fact is mere waste unless it is interpreted fact. The value resides not in the bare fact, but in its interpretation, application, and bearings. It would be a very grievous error if anybody should be so misled as to finally interpret and apply his fact before he thoroughly understood what the fact is on the mere outside of it. Plenty of people do this, it is true, and their existence in such numbers partially explains the rash spirit of innovation on the one hand, and the obstinate spirit of obstruction on the other, which between them do so much to hinder human happiness. What is not explained by this premature and reckless generalization may be explained by the opposite mental habit of timid, narrow, pedantic adherence to the outside, without any effort to penetrate further. This is in many respects the more dwarfing error of the two. The temper of the people who make too great haste to generalize is, after all, the right temper, but in excess. The temper of the others is the wrong temper, and it is in excess into the bargain, even if it should be partially useful in very small quantities. To avoid waste of his labor, and of the knowledge which his labor procures for him, a man should constantly generalize, because this process, when conducted by just methods, is the only path which certainly leads to concentrated workmanship. Headings, principles, general propositions, are like narrow archways through which men may enter to find themselves in sublime and vast edifices. They are to the outsides of facts what the rays of the sun are to the material phenomenon around us. Without generalization facts lie chaotic, barren, and shapeless, just as the world lies to the physical eye in the darkness of night. To minds imbued with this leading truth, and properly trained in the methods of realizing it, the remnants and shreds of literary work are just as useful and significant in their way as the main wool and fabric. They are all capable of being made up into new fabrics and garments. In literature, as at the bar, or indeed in any other avocation, it is constancy which insures success and good work; and constancy is nowhere so well tested as by persevering utilization of margins, alike of time and of all other material of production. It is the extra half-hour a day which wins—the half hour which a student devotes to gathering up the fragments that are left, to noting down the stray unused facts, to placing them under old heads or to inventing new heads which may comprehend them, to summing up the proceedings of the day, and to fixing in his mind as nearly as may be its most faithful and suggestive products. This half hour is the only safeguard and security that he is not working wholly at random. And what is not less important than the actual security is the confidence which it inspires in the man's own mind that he is not working at random—a confidence the preciousness of which can only be duly understood by those who know what it is, in the midst of their work, to be paralyzed by a sudden sense of the vastness of the wilderness of thought and circumstance which environs them. To know that you have a clue and track through your work is half the battle. It enables the student to possess himself. It prevents that tremendous waste which comes of the horrible spiritual dejection that in its turn comes of a suspicion that he is not big enough and strong enough to make a way through his subjects and his tasks. Of all forms of waste this is the most oppressive and unredeemed. To feel that one is working at random is like groping along a tangled and unknown road in the dark. You make prodigious strides and courageous leaps, and strike out audaciously, yet with timidity and half desperation dominant in the heart all the time, and you make no real way. A system of thought and belief, however imperfect, a body of accepted general truths, is the first condition of the prevention of waste; the second is a thrifty respect for odds and ends.—*Saturday Review, Nov.* 16.

WHY LEAVES FALL.

NOT long since it would have been impossible to have given a satisfactory reply to a question which, at this season of the year, is frequently asked: "Why do the leaves fall?" True, there were plenty of reasons cited, but they were, for the most part, merely hypothetical. Some said that as the leaves were gorged with sap, their functions became in consequence impeded, and at last the leaves died and were pushed off from the tree by the current of the sap. Others said it was the bud that nestled in the axil of the leaf, that quietly removed the parent leaf as itself increased in bulk; a strange theory, when it is considered how many more leaves there are than buds! A third notion was that as the leaves died mortification ensued, a line of demarcation was formed, and the dead portions became separated from the living; a notion evidently derived from the experience of the surgeon rather than from that of the vegetable anatomist.

Another of these guesses, and one apparently which finds much favor with compilers of "popular" books, attributes the fall of the leaf to an incrustation or deposit of earthy matter in the cells of the leaf in Autumn; this goes on, according to our theorists, to such an extent that the cells become blocked up, lose their powers, hence dry up, shrivel and fall to the ground—true enough, but not sufficient to account for all the phenomena. On turning from these speculative explanations to others offered in more recent times by scientific observers as the result of their personal observations, we find so great a conformity of statements in all more important particulars, that it can hardly be doubted that we can now, at least in a general way, answer the question as to why the leaves fall. Several independent observers, among whom Dr. Inman, of Liverpool, is one, have arrived at the conclusion that the fall of the leaf is due to the formation of a layer of cells, arranged in a plane different from that of the rest of the tissues, thus gradually severing the leaf from its support, much as a knife blade would do, and moreover, serving as a thin skin to protect the surface of what would otherwise be an open wound.

The cells of this dividing layer, as shown by Inman, and confirmed by Mohl, contain a quantity of starch, a substance not found in the adjacent cells. This dividing layer seems first to have been clearly observed by Link; Inman, Schacht and Mettenius confirmed its existence, and Mohl has added largely to our knowledge of it. We have as yet to learn why this peculiar layer is armed. As to the period of its first appearance, that is known to precede the fall of the leaf by but a short interval, though indications of its future formation exist from a very early period. The first stage in the development of the leaf as shown by Eichler, and recently confirmed by Dr. W. R. McNab, is constituted by the appearance on the side of the stem of a minute process called the "hypophyll," from which, and not directly from the stem itself, the leaf originates. Whether, when the leaf falls, the separation takes place immediately from the stem, or between this hypophyll and the leaf it supports, is not a matter of practical importance, and does not affect the explanation above given as to the cause of the defoliation.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

MOUNTAINS AROUND JERUSALEM.—Jerusalem does not lie in the hollow of an amphitheatre; it is placed, on the contrary, on an eminence, with deep valleys running nearly all round it. But it is true, notwithstanding, that the mountains girdle it about, as the Psalmist describes. On two sides, the north and east, it is enfolded by the Mount of Olives; on the south, the Hill of Evil Counsel—the reputed site of the country palace of Caiphas, the High Priest, where the conspirators against our Lord met on the night of his seizure in Gethsemane—overhangs the valley of Hinmon, and looks right over it on Mount Zion. And, although upon the west the hills are at a great distance, they are on that side the highest of all. In that direction are Ramah and Gibeon, and not farther away than five or six miles is the remarkable height known by the name of Neby Samwil, upon which height tradition tells us that Samuel, the prophet, was burned. Of the truth of this statement there is no evidence, but recent inquiries and observations seem to have proved it to be the site of the ancient Mizpah of Saul. Standing on the top of Neby Samwil, the eye ranges from Jaffa on the Mediterranean Sea on the west to Jordan valley, and the mountains of Ammon and Moab beyond it on the east. Jerusalem is thus in the heart of a mountain land; for nearly twenty miles on either side there is nothing around it but hills.—*Buchanan's Clerical Furlough in the Holy Land.*

TRICK OF GARRICK'S.—When Garrick was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated.

When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the driver answered that he would as soon as he got his complement of four passengers.

A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick whipped out a third time, and addressed himself to the coachman, who said, in a surly tone, that "he had got his complement;" he would have driven off without him had not Preville called out that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man they would accommodate the gentleman and make room for him.

THE SMILES THAT HIDE GRIEF.—Some one said to Dr. Johnson that it seemed strange that he who so often delighted his company by his lively conversation should say he was miserable. "Alas! it is all outside," replied the sage; "I may be cracking my joke and cursing the sun; sun, how I hate the beams!" Boswell appended a foot-note in which he remarked that, beyond a doubt, a man may appear very gay in company who is sad at heart. His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpets in battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying. It is well known that Cowper was in a morbidly despondent state when he penned "John Gilpin," of which delectable ballad and his cogeners he himself bears record: "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood perhaps would never have been written at all."

In the height of his ill fortune, in 1826, Sir Walter Scott was ever giving vent, in his diary or elsewhere, to some whimsical outburst of humorous sally; and after inditing an extra gay *jeu d'esprit* in his journal just before leaving his dingy Edinburg lodgings for Abbotsford, he follows it up next day by this bit of self-portraiture: "Anybody would think from the fal-de-ral conclusion of my journal yesterday that I left town in very good humor. But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy—I know not what to call it—that mingles with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distress strange snatches of mirth which have no mirth in them."

A FRENCH MONASTERY.—Bayard Taylor, in describing the monastery called the *Grande Chartreuse*, in the South of France, speaks of a single corridor six hundred and sixty feet long. Looking down it the perspective dwindles almost to a point. Opening from it, and from other intersecting corridors, are the cells of the monks, each with a Biblical sentence in Latin painted on the doors. The furniture of these cells is very simple, but a human skull is always a part of it. The only diversion to break the solemn and silent monotony of life is the cultivation of a few flowers in a garden attached to each cell. Silence is imposed upon all, and the priests, guides and visitors can speak only in hushed whispers. The writer says he longed to startle the dead repose of the corridor by a shout of freedom and rejoicing. In this extensive monastery there are but forty fathers and twenty brothers. They are of the order La Trappe, which was instituted in the sixteenth century. This monastery dates from the year 1137.

"THAT MAN LOOKS LIKE MY SON."—As several colored men from Claiborne county were walking through our streets, they passed the house of a negro woman, who was standing at her door. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as they passed the old woman she remarked, "That man looks like my son." He was sufficiently attracted to stop, and sure enough it was his mother. They had been separated for the last eight years, and were parted in Virginia. The young man had but lately commenced making preparations to take a trip to Virginia in search of his mother, and here, very unexpectedly, they met and recognized each other by the light of the moon. The mother, overcome with joy, shrieked and shouted and hugged her son as only a mother could. Sister Jane was called to see the lost brother, and another scene of affection was witnessed between brother and sister, long separated, such as those only who experience can appreciate.—*Vicksburg Republican.*

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—They tell us a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in the church on a fast day, disputing about rest. One said it was to have sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise of all men. The third said it was possession of power to rule the State. The fourth said it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The fifth said it were all in vain except a man kept the whole ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah the venerable, the tallest of the brethren, said: "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keepeth the traditions of the elders." There sat a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said: "Nay, nay, father, he can only find rest who loves his brother as himself, and with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth and power; happier than a happy home; without it better than honored age; he is a law to himself above all traditions."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A curious mistake was made by a young deacon in Connecticut last Sunday. This deacon was a teacher in the village Sunday-school; and having come into the presence of his class in that character, he put his hand in his pocket to seek his Bible, and gravely drew forth a copy of "Hoyle's Games." The deacon apparently forgot that his Sabbath lessons were not "according to Hoyle," but the merriment of the scholars speedily informed him of his little mistake.

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